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The WAR CRY

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OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF

CHRIST FOR THE WORLD.

SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA EAST

AND NEWFOUNDLAND

TERRITORIAL HEADQUARTERS
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WILLIAM MAXWELL, Lt.-Commissioner.



Thanks for Harvest

We praise Thee, Lord, with heart and voice,
While with first fruits we come;
We bring thank-offerings and rejoice,
Shouting the harvest home.

For crops made ripe by golden fire,
For all Thy power has done,
We'll lift Thy praises higher and higher,
Shouting the harvest home.

Salvation fields already whits,
And souls are all Thine own;
To reap earth's millions we'll unite,
Shouting the harvest home.

Seed sown with tears Thy life receives,
Making Thy goodness known;
Reapers return with golden sheaves,
Shouting the harvest home.

HARVEST FESTIVAL NUMBER

A THANK-OFFERING TO THE LORD (See "The Lord of the Harvest," Page 2)

ALL TO THEE WE OWE

Praise to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let Thy praise our tongues employ,
All to Thee our God we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow.

All the plenty Summer pours
Autumn's rich overflowing stores,
Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain;
Lord for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

As Thy prospering hands hath blest,
May we give Thee of our best;
And by deeds of kindly love,
For Thy mercies grateful prove,
Singing true, through all our days,
Praise to God, immortal praise.

GOLD DUST

Swept up by COLONEL ADEY

Best not in being one of Christ's friends. Aim at being His bosom friend.

He is a faithful friend indeed who will hazard our friendship to save our souls from sin and destruction.

Surely the friendship of the world is dearly purchased by an act of enmity against God.

True bosom friends will seek to mortify sin and increase grace in each other.

Love to friends is manifested by words, yet more by acts; and most of all by prayer for them.

"What will my friends say or think of me," hints many a good inclination in the bud.

Jesus is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother.

No companion deserves your confidence who makes light of your soul. Consider him an enemy who contrives to damage your soul.

He who receives a good turn should never forget it, but he who does one should never remember it.

THE LORD OF THE HARVEST

"The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof: the world, and they that dwell therein."—Psalm 24:1.

HARVEST FESTIVALS are not a new institution. We have record in the Bible that the original proclamation was made by God Himself, just after the emancipation of a nation of slaves from bondage, when they were enjoying their liberty in the Wilderness.

We read in Exodus 23:16-19: "Thou shalt keep the feast of Harvest, the first-fruits of thy labors which thou hast sown in the field, and the feast of the Ingathering, which is in the end of the year. When thou hast gathered in thy labors out of the field, the first of the first-fruits of thy land thou shalt bring into the House of the Lord thy God."

It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, especially in some practical way as in bringing our gifts to the Altar. The great law of giving unto God never fails; we always receive good measure as He has promised.

Harvest time reminds us of the goodness and kindness of God. It also verifies the promise of God given to Noah after the flood. "While the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest, and cold and heat, and Summer and Winter, and day and night shall not cease." (Genesis 8:22.)

The poet Browning gave expression in words of a thought that brings strength and comfort to all those who put their trust in the Lord: "God's in His Heaven, all's right with the world."

The earth is the Lord's by creative right. It seems so evident everywhere we look that all things have been created by a wise and infinite Being. Everywhere there are evidences of His control, and the deeper science and research explore, the more evidence we have of great laws that govern all things. Thus proving there must be a Lawgiver—a Divine All-powerful Being.

"The fool hath said in his heart, 'There is no God.'" (Psalm 14:1.) The words are just as true to-day as when the Psalmist wrote them, many centuries ago. To the understanding heart on every hand there is abundant evidence not only that there is a Supreme Being, but also there is

proof of His loving care. We know

"He only is the Maker

Of all things near and far;

He paints the wayside flower,

He lights the evening star;

The winds and waves obey Him.

By Him the birds are fed;

Much more to us, His children,

He gives our daily bread."

The earth is God's—every tree and shrub—the gold and silver—the cattle upon a thousand hills, and also the people who dwell therein. What we possess is entrusted only to our care through life's brief day, then it passes to the keeping of others. A full realization of responsibility to God is most important in individual

So let all men praise the God of the harvest. Our small gifts cannot enrich Him. They are but the tokens of a grateful heart, and the acknowledgment of our responsibility towards Him. So, with the Psalmist, we say, "Oh, come, let us worship and bow down; let us kneel before the Lord our Maker. For He is our God; and we are the people of His pasture, and the sheep of His hand" (Psalm 95:6, 7.)

DAILY BIBLE READINGS

Sunday, Sept. 23rd—Job 29:1-12.

"Oh, that I were as . . . in the days when God preserved me." Job's days were now dark and dreary, full of sorrow, suffering, and perplexing problems, yet they were not prayerless days. Job held fast to his faith and integrity, so that his longing after past blessings was untinged with the bitter remorse of a

Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.—Galatians 6:7

life, and also in community life. That lesson seemed to have been continually before the Israelites. All their worship tended to teach them this. So that when they gathered the first-fruits of the harvest they brought their offering to the Lord, and later, when all was gathered in, they came to acknowledge God's bounteous care, (Exodus 23:16.)

In these modern days of prosperity we must not forget how dependent upon God we continually are. A right understanding of this helps to steady life. Our thoughts of God are subject to the limitations of our human nature. He is greater than any of our imaginations. Yet the wonder of it all is He tells us plainly in His Word, "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him." (Psalm 103:13.) We know how a true father finds real joy in providing for his children. In like manner our Heavenly Father sends us sunshine and the rain. He gives also to man the wisdom to cultivate the land.

backslider's memories.

Monday, Sept. 24th—Job 29:14-25.

"I . . . sat chief, and dwelt as a king in the army."—When Job was rich and prosperous every eye thought he was the favorite of Heaven. When ill-health and poverty came, men began to whisper that some fault of his own must have caused this sudden change. In Chapter 42 we see how mistaken was this idea.

Tuesday, Sept. 25th—Job 32:1-40.

"And Elihu . . . answered." Elihu was much younger than Job's three friends. He had modestly listened in silence to their speeches, but feeling that they had misrepresented God, and not answered Job as he felt he must speak. While Elihu was by no means perfect, his account of God is noble and true, and at the last the Lord does not class him with the other three (Ch. 42).

Wednesday, Sept. 26th—Job 32:11-22.

"The Spirit within me constrained me."—When any one like Elihu speaks out of an honest, full heart, his words bring light and help. He had the fresh strength of a young man, and what he lacked in experience he made up for in enthusiasm. The world owes much to the energy and vitality of the young. These are never more beautiful than when consecrated to God.

Thursday, Sept. 27th—Job 33:1-10.

"He counteth me for his enemy."—Job's friends made the mistake of thinking he was being punished for his sins. Here Job makes the mistake of charging God with feelings of enmity against him. How wonderfully God revealed Himself in the end as Job's Preserver and Friend who allowed him to undergo his trial only to reveal and strengthen his own faith, but to make him and his strange experience, a means of blessing and inspiration to multitudes.

Friday, Sept. 28th—Job 33:11-24.

"God speaketh once, ye twice yet. He man perceiveth it not."—God has many ways of speaking to us. He reveals Himself in nature, in providence, in history, in His Book, and often in a "still, small voice" in our hearts.

Saturday, Sept. 29th—Job 33:25-35.

"If any say, I have sinned . . . He will deliver his soul."—God never changes. Right through the ages His ear has always been open to the penitent's cry. He not only forgives, but He delivers from the power of sin and keeps by His grace the soul who trusts Him.



"NOBODY'S BABY"

C. Romaniuk arrived in Canada about two years ago; his name indicates that he came from one of the Central European countries. A few months since he had the misfortune to meet with a serious accident in a mine and ever since has been dependent on charity, being passed from hand to hand, from organization to organization, by some of the provincial and municipal authorities in the province.

The poor fellow has been the subject of more polite correspondence and court wrangles than one would care to say. And while this wrangling goes along poor Romaniuk hobbles around as best he can, and starves as often as he must.

A few days ago he was arrested in the city of Edmonton on a charge of vagrancy, and the contentions of the various authorities buzzed through the court. When matters were at a deadlock Adjutant Stewart — "Our Man" in Edmonton—took the stand, and remarked, "It seems to me, your worship, that this is a case of 'Nobody's Baby'; neither the city nor the province wish to assume responsibility for him; somebody's got to do something, and so I guess it's The Army again."

It is commonly reported that the magistrate's sigh of relief at the advent of some sensibility was loud and ample. So Romaniuk is now in the care of The Army.—Winnipeg "War Cry."

THE NEWS-BOY KNEW

A news-boy playing his business on a busy city corner, and espying a hazy drunk woman wandering among the traffic, hurried to her side

and offered a helping hand. She was not clear as to her whereabouts or her destination, and in the kindness of his heart the lad felt that she should not be left alone.

But what could a news-boy do? Looking up, he saw across the street, "Salvation Army." It was our Headquarters in Sydney. The little fellow does not know much about The Army, but he felt sure his charge would find friends in the big building across the way.

"Come with me," he said, taking the poor woman's hand, "I know someone who will help you." Soon he was knocking at the office of the Chief Secretary, where he handed over his hapless charge, and with that Officer's "God bless you," he bounded off again to his news-vending.

In a few minutes the poor woman was in the care of one of our Officers at the Women's Hostel, who, in addition to providing her with shelter, sought to lead her to Christ, her Saviour and Friend.—Sydney "War Cry."



A TOWN WITHOUT MONEY

The Triumph of Sanctified Common-Sense on a Jungle-Covered Sumatran Island

By ENSIGN A. J. GILLIARD

THERE seems to be some uncertainty regarding the history of the jungle island at the junction of the Belawan and Deli rivers, within a mile or so of the sea, on the east coast of Sumatra. Its name has been said to mean "The Island of Death," and a more sinister and appropriate designation could scarcely have been conceived in view of the island's present population.

Less imaginative and possibly better informed persons, however, translate "Poeloe si Tjanang" as "A place like a gong," and gong-shaped the island certainly is.

Primeval Jungle

According to some, the island, previously to its present usage, has never had a more important part to play in the life of man than that of a fishing site, and there are evidences that a "ladang," a construction upon which the native people live during the flood season, has at one time existed on the river side of the island.

Another story states that a brick-making industry was commenced on the island, but that fever smote the workmen and the survivors fled from the place. The discovery of a ruined brick kiln with remnants of bricks and human bones in the debris suggests that this story is possibly true. Yet another opinion describes the island as a kind of jungle refuge for diseased natives.

Such a mosquito-hidden stretch of swamp as Poeloe si Tjanang must have been but a few years ago could scarcely be expected to have any history but that common story of primeval jungle, where fierce life has struggled for untold aeons, and achieved little more than the cunning of the monkey and wild pig, the power of loathsome alligators, the color of clanging birds, the poison of fiendishly persistent winged insects, and the speed of hooded armadillos.

At high tide Poeloe si Tjanang is an expanse of jungle, intersected by tortuous narrow creeks whose brown waters would bear a small boat into many dim, leafy bowers, and at low tide, when the creeks are slimy, murmuring channels alive with innumerable forms of insect and reptile life, a large part of the silent tangle of vivid green bushwood and creeper is safe from any human invasion.

A Romantic History

During the past few years, however, of the name of this insignificant patch of tropically situated mud has been heard in almost every land, for upon Poeloe si Tjanang there is a Leper Colony whose history is as romantic as any of the missionary ventures put forward in the Dutch East Indies.

A narrow built-up road and tramway runs between the swamps to the heart of the island. The visitor sitting on the train behind a horse of so vast experience that it takes note of and remembers exactly where the road is crumbling and where the primitive, clanging contraption behind him must be hauled to port or coaxed to starboard, finds himself crumbling along between two walls of low, jungle vegetation. He hears the

quick "flop-flop" of startled creek-dwellers as they dive to safety, sees a vision of winged gold or crimson as a bird flashes from tree to tree and, if he has on that long ride surrendered himself to the spell of his exotic environment, is suddenly startled to find the "tram" lurching round a corner into sight of a trim hedge, white houses, brilliant green sward, a pumping station, and a steeped church. It is like walking across Clapham Common and finding oneself gazing at the Taj Mahal.

Some parts of Poeloe si Tjanang, it is said, have yet to be explored, but here is an entire community of people whose history has many dramatic and heroic elements, besides being in every way deeply tragic. That trim hedge is for many an impassable wall. This is a colony of lepers, and here is a glimpse of the Colony's history, heard one New Year's eve from the lips of Major Scheffer, until recently the Officer in charge

provide a place of refuge for the certified lepers. They were sent by the police to Poeloe si Tjanang, and kept there under penalty of punishment if they broke bounds.

A colony of lepers constituted in this fashion could hardly be successful, even although the majority of the Colonists are patient and ingenious Chinese in a land where the necessities of life are few.

The Salvation Army was at length asked if they could repeat at Poeloe si Tjanang the success made with a Leper Colony in Java. Certain Officers had already been deeply concerned over the plight of the leprosy contract laborers in Sumatra, and arrangements were made for the island to come under Army administration.

Then began a long and painful battle with misapprehension. Of discipline there had been none. The police were hated as the cause of all the distress, for the lepers could not understand why they should be un-

der pressure from the local authorities. The Army at last consented to the provision of armed police to maintain order. Soon afterwards, Major and Mrs. Scheffer arrived to find the Officers thin and distraught and their nerves almost wrecked. By day they struggled to control the sullen patients, and by night they were haunted with dreams of the suicides which now and again added to the horrors of that leprous island. On the other side, a Chinese headman, stand between the laborers and the European employers, and this system had been imposed into the Leper Settlement.

"If I went into The Army Hall," said the Major, "my policemen stood by the door. If I went to the people's house, the police was there for protection."

Wall of Hostility

"Because of the headman I had no direct contact with the people, and could at first find no way of breaking down the wall of hostility which had withered out to long the attacks of love and service made by other Officers."

The Major, who is a Dutch Officer, and his wife who is of English birth, did not have their feeling to paralyze their efforts, and the story of the winning of the Poeloe si Tjanang Colonists is one of The Army's choicest illustrations of the power of determined common-sense.

Down of a better day began with the abolition of the armed police and with a wall which the Major took through part of the island jungle. He came across a white bull and noticed its shaggy appearance. Closer examination proved that the animal had built in clay. The Major's mind went back to his service in another Army Leper Colony, where the headman, a brick-layer, had sought permission to use his knowledge for the good of the Colony and had ingeniously taught the Major his art. He also remembered usually the indescribably slippery, slimy boggy of the Colony "roads." Could not Poeloe si Tjanang make its own bricks? A sample of the clay was sent to the experts who declared it fit for the purposes described, and very soon the Major was calling for workmen to make bricks.

"Will you pay us?" asked the Colonists.

Claims of Understanding

"Of course!" and the Major. The Chinese have work, and with this provision of employment for the lepers there crept in the first appreciation of the fact that The Army Officers on the Colony were not police but officials who cared for the people.

During a European furlough taken by Major Scheffer the brick-making was continued by a relieving Officer, and on his return to the Colony he resumed his efforts at establishing confidence.

Various developments took place. Transients were employed at their own work. Housing was improved. Nevertheless, the continual desertions from the Colony worried the administrative Officers. He noticed that the same men deserted time after time. The deserters were almost invariably brought back by the police. Why would they not stay again and again?

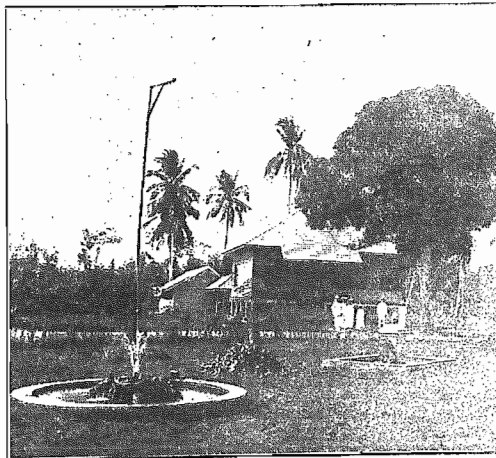
"The answer was wrong from a desire on the part of his being kept in prison until he confessed why he had away for the tenth time."

"I treat you well. You have food and clothing and a house, and when you run away you are captured and punished every time," said the Major.

"Why do you run away?"

"I escape from my confining 'ditch' and see the moon. His words proved to be a key to the whole situation. The people were helplessly involved in a condition that to them, heavy stakes. Major Scheffer forthwith announced that all money was

(Continued on page 9)



A Pleasant Corner of an Army Leper Settlement in the Dutch East Indies

of the Colony, as we sat on his veranda overlooking the pleasant green lawns of the Colony, and watched the red-jacketed Colonists moving through the palm trees toward The Army Hall with its wooden, Colony-designed and built spire.

Some years ago the Chinese Mayor in these parts (an official responsible for the welfare of the Chinese residents) endeavored to make some provision for his countrymen who were found to be stricken with leprosy. The rubber and other vast estates that lie thickly around the east end of Sumatra are almost wholly operated by Chinese laborers imported on contract for terms of years, with some Malays and Indian laborers from British India and Ceylon.

These estates make medical provision for their employees. At the time under review, the discovery of leprosy in a patient raised a difficult problem, for he could neither be retained on the estate nor shipped back to China, nor yet turned adrift without means of sustenance.

The responsible authorities secured possession of Poeloe si Tjanang, and a law was passed stating that all lepers must place themselves in the hands of the police at Medan. The original scheme did little more than

prisoned on account of sickness for which they were not responsible. The Colony was, in fact, a prison without any internal discipline, and when Army Officers appeared, to live on the Colony and make certain demands upon the people, they were very naturally regarded as the police agents and forthwith thoroughly hated.

"The people would come to dinner in both clothes," exclaimed the Major as he related the story, "and the Officers would stand as white as death, declaring, 'No clothes, no food!'"

In a sentence he thus summed up the situation. On the one hand we have hungry, suspicious Chinese in enforced residence and laboring under a sense of mortal injury, and on the other Salvationists enrolled under a Banner of Love, desperately endeavoring to secure some order in the chaotic society given into their care.

Events hindered rather than helped in the struggle. Two prisoners, for instance, serving for a real offence and discovered to be lepers, were sent to the island to finish their term.

"Aha!" said the unfortunate Colonists, whose only offence was leprosy. "Why tell us we are not in prison while you send prisoners here?"

THE CHIEF SECRETARY AND MRS. HENRY

At Yorkville — Fifteen Seekers

OFFICERS, Soldiers and friends alike were delighted to receive a surprise visit from Colonel and Mrs. Henry on Sunday night, September 9th. Major Ritchie, the Divisional Commander, lined out the first song, which was heartily sung. Prayer by Adjutant Robinson was followed by another favorite song, led by the Chief Secretary.

Mrs. Colonel Henry then read a portion of Scripture making some telling comments.

Mrs. Major Ritchie led the congregation in some splendid choruses singing, and testimonies were given by Ensign Saunders and Sister Ellen Carey.

A vocal duet by Major and Mrs. Ritchie, and then the Colonel launched into his address.

From the very beginning he gripped the attention of everyone present, which deepened as he proceeded.

In emphasizing one point the Colonel observed: "You make nineteen things right with God, but fail in the twentieth, and it is the twentieth that counts!"

Conviction was plainly evident, and as soon as the invitation was given, seekers began to make their way to the penitent-form. A real old fashioned Army Prayer meeting, lasting an hour and a half, resulted in fifteen seekers. Among the number was a man in his shirt sleeves brought in from the sidewalk by a bandman. It was a wonderful meeting. Officers and Locals, Scouts and Guards, all united in seeking the blessing of God, and we were not disappointed. Hallelujah!—G. Davies, Commandant.

ARMY'S BLIND SCHOOL Opened in Kingston, Jamaica

The Army's School for the Blind in Kingston, Jamaica, has been opened amid much appreciation. Acting-Governor A. S. Jelf, C.M.G., presided at the opening ceremony, at which most of the prominent people of Kingston were present. At a meeting held in the Ward Theatre, in connection with the opening ceremony, the Acting-Governor, who was supported by nearly eighty leading citizens, spoke in warmest terms of this latest effort to serve the people.

This undrinking has made a deep impression, as no other organization has so far attempted such work.

PHIL MASTERS' THREE R'S

Radio—Retrospection—Regeneration

RADIO? Oh, yes, Phil Masters, late of the Windy City, now one of the supersalesmen of the O. K. Radio Corporation, working in the Philadelphia territory, knew everything about it! Had he not for the past three years thought radio, talked radio, nay, even dreamed radio?

Radio was the reason why he sat moodily consuming a Chinese take-out dinner in the "Pekin," one of the six or seven gaudy oriental restaurants, whose freakish electric signs help to create the atmosphere of Philadelphia's one block of Chinatown. If Masters hadn't had two prospects lined up for Sunday, whom he felt dead certain of landing, he never would have remained in hot, stuffy Philadelphia, but would have been down at Atlantic City with two of his few Philadelphia friends, but Masters was one of the go-getters who put business before pleasure.

Voices

Leisurely disposing of the almond, chicken chow-mien with his thoughts far away in Chicago, wondering just what his old cronies were doing, wondering whether his dear mother and sister were sitting on the porch of their little Summer cottage at Waukegan, his attention was suddenly arrested by:

"There's nothing left for me,
Of days that used to be;
I live in memory,
Among my souvenirs."

Radio. Couldn't he ever get away from it? and what a radio! Which was the worst the static or the nasal tenor, Phil just couldn't make up his mind; but for once he admitted the merits of static as an eliminator.

Phil once more turned back to his chow-mien and Chicago retrospection. What a fool he had been to take this territory where he had so few friends to really pal with! How vastly different it was back with the old crowd he had grown up with, the supper dances at Sherman's College Inn, or Chez Pierre, the Saturday night pinocle club, the canoe trips up at Lake Geneva, that was the life! Why had he ever left it?

Again the radio sobbed forth, this time a somewhat hoarse baritone, "Even though you're only make believing,

Laugh, clown, laugh!"

What an unpardonable travesty on Pagliacci! Sounds more as if he is choking on a fish bone than laughter. Again the chow-mien claimed his undivided attention. He poured himself a cup of tea and thought, perhaps, at this time his dainty little mother and sister might be sipping iced tea on their cool little cottage porch. Masters pulled himself up with a start as he heard a clear, sweet voice lining out the following,

"For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting."—Galatians 6:8.

"We have a message,
A message from Jesus.
And time is now hastening,
Its moments are few—
He's seeking poor sinners."

What a nice voice, thought Masters, as he stepped out on the tiny balcony to look down at the Philadelphia II Corps Open-air! Oh, it's The Salvation Army! Masters' ears caught the old familiar tune,

"For you He is calling . . .

Why I . . . He's calling for you."

Why I used to sing that back in the little Methodist Church choir some thirteen years ago! Masters' eyes grew moist. How he had loved church then, the old hymns, the Epworth League of which he was the secretary! Oh, how far he was to-night from those ideals that his Christian mother has endeavored to instill into him!

Mother's Prayer

The singing had stopped, and a man was invoking God's blessing on all within hearing distance of their voices. Masters bowed his head. That included him.

"Could God bless him, who never even took time to go to church?"

"If there are lonely hearts to-night, O Father, may they realize that Thou art an unfailing Friend, who never leaves us lonely," continued the exhorter.

Masters' lips quivered and he quickly stepped back into the restaurant to control his emotions.

Feverishly drinking his tea Masters caught a clear ringing testimony of the saving and keeping power of Jesus Christ, and then a soft, sweet, and wondrously heart-stirring voice rang out on the breeze,

"Where is my wandering boy to-night,

The boy of my tenderest care?"

Masters closed his eyes, and he fancied he could hear his dear sister singing that same song in their little living room on Sunday afternoons, when they both had come home from Sunday-School. Oh, those golden days when his dear mother, running her slim fingers through his mop of curly hair, and kissing his brow would say, "My boy will never wander, will he?" How confidently then he replied, "No, mother dear, never!" But he had, and so far.

Could he ever forget the agony in those dear eyes, when, at seventeen, he had come home from his first all-night party as a young freshman in Northwestern, pale and much the worse for wear. How his dear mother met him with no reproach, but only infinite sorrow, when she said, "Phil, dear, it's nearly 4 o'clock, and you, you've been smoking!" How dark

was her Gethsemane he would never know, but ever since he hated to meet the sweet purity in her eyes! Could he ever forget her coming up to his room, hoping, fearing, praying that it was only tobacco smoke that she smelled? Could he ever forget her prayers and entreaties to give up his worldly companions? Could he ever forget their solemn covenant by his bedside when they both wept and he sealed the promise with a kiss? But soon, all too soon, he forgot that sacred vow.

Years had passed—years of disappointment to his dear mother as she saw him get down from the old standards—and yet he still remained his clean-cut respectable self. For "blood always tells," and somehow since his first Waterloo he never went to excess in anything. But Mammon and Pleasure were his gods, and he had long since relegated the God of his youth to something essential for childhood and extreme

old age.

With a start Masters once more realized his surroundings. The sweet-voiced singer was still singing, "Oh, where is my boy to-night? My heart overflows, for I love him he knows,

Oh, where is my boy to-night?"

Masters wiped away the tears that came to his eyes. What had he lived of life anyway? True, he lived at the best hotels; could take in the best shows, but how tiresome, how empty all that was! Tramping about from city to city, no permanent contacts, living for almost six or seven months a year from a steamer trunk. What a life!

"Joy, joy, wonderful joy,
Peace I have found that naught can destroy,

Love, love so boundless and free,
All this (and more) my Lord gives to me,"

sang the comrades in the ring. Masters glanced appraisingly at their shining faces. Yes, they looked happy and peaceful enough. "Why can't I too, have this lasting joy and happiness that the Lord will freely give to me? I will have it! I'll go down this moment to The Salvation Army and tell them so."

Masters leaped back to get his hat and topcoat; hurriedly paid his check and dashed down the stairs just as the Adjutant was closing in prayer. Immediately going over to speak to the Commandant in charge, he made up her his card and told her he had made up his mind right then and there to give his glowing to the Lord.

A Glowing Testimony

What a splendid figure he presented, standing there, five feet eleven inches of immaculately groomed manhood, hat in hand, eyes shining with a new gleam as he bowed his head while she prayed with him! How his face shone as he said he would that night write and tell his mother he had come back again to God, and would henceforth love and serve Him in the beauty of Holiness!

His glowing testimony in the old Philadelphia II Hall, which has been the spiritual birthplace of many rich trophies of grace, amply repaid the faithful comrades for standing out that hot June night in the little corner of Tenth and Race Streets, telling out the old, yet ever new, Story of a loving Redeemer.

Thus on a hot Saturday night, the balcony of the Peking was the scene of Masters' spiritual rebirth, when he received a potent lesson in his three R's—radio, retrospection and Regeneration.

—Captain M. C. Murray,
in the New York "War Cry"

Continual Comrades in the Fight

Captains John Dougall and Christina Murray United for Service
ARMY WEDDING IN THE FLOWER CITY

THE ST. THOMAS CITADEL was crowded to the doors, with an audience of three hundred and fifty comrades and friends assembled for the wedding of Captain John Dougall, of Preston, and Captain Christina Murray, formerly of Ottawa. Both comrades were former Soldiers of the St. Thomas Corps. Lieutenant G. Murray supported her sister, while Bandman Archie Murray, brother of the bride, was "best man."

Entering the Citadel to the strains of the Wedding March, the bridal party took their places under The Army Colors. The Hall was beautifully decorated with flowers. Commandant Hurd, of Hamilton, and Mrs. Commandant Laws, of the United States, invoked God's blessing upon the happy couple.

During the service, which was conducted by Lt.-Colonel McAmmond, Adjutant Robinson, the Corps Officer, read telegrams of congratulation from the Commissioner and Mrs. Maxwell and Captain Maxwell, the Chief Secretary and Mrs. Henry, Brigadier and Mrs. Burton, and numerous Officers and friends in the



Captain and Mrs. Dougall, of Preston

Territory. The Band and Songsters assisted with the music, while brief addresses were given by the bride's parents and members of the bridal party.

After the ceremony, a banquet was served in the Young People's Hall. During the banquet, Lieutenant Newman, the groom's former assistant spoke on behalf of the Preston Corps.

It is interesting to note that four of the relatives present were Army Officers.

Army Activities in Other Lands

A Review of Our World Wide Operations

WEST AFRICA

IT SEEMS but yesterday that, in the Central Hall, London, with the General presiding, comrades wished God-speed to Colonel and Mrs. Souter and the pioneer Contingent of Officers who were setting out to unfurl The Army's Flag in

Nigeria. We are all more or less familiar with the difficulties that confronted our comrades during the early days of their work. We now remember the barriers to progress which they have met, only to recall that they have, through faith in God and the strength He has given, and their own dauntless spirit, overcome these obstacles victoriously.

The Divine seal has rested upon their untiring efforts, and hundreds of West Africans have been won for Christ and made into fighting Salvationists, not only in Nigeria, but in the Gold Coast and even farther afield.

It is interesting now to note that: the Cadets of the Warrior Session were recently commissioned in Lagos by Colonel Souter, the Territorial Commander. The following is an abbreviation of the account given by an eye-witness:

"After many days of eager anticipation, the great night arrived at last. After a rousing song, Staff-Captain Robertson, in a heart-felt prayer, led us all to the Throne of Grace. The Cadets of Group No. 1 were commissioned for new openings, and those of Group No. 2 for other appointments. Then, in their turn, the Gold Coast Cadets were appointed. The members of the congregation were quite excited and entered most heartily into every phase of the meeting. The Cadets themselves will not soon forget the stirring words of their Territorial Leader, in which he thanked the Principal and the Staff of the Training Garrison, and indeed, all those who assisted in the work of training. Surely his solemn charge to them as newly-commissioned Officers will ever ring in the chambers of their memory."

WE ARE here afforded a clear idea of work being carried on at a Bush Corps among the mountains, where an energetic soul-saving work is in progress in a seat-of-war community.

AUSTRALIA SOUTH

The Officers, who were out visiting their widely-scattered "parishioners," having left their last place of call, pressed on for a few miles until they came to the remnant of an aboriginal settlement, which eighteen months ago was disbanded, the natives being transferred to a big aboriginal encampment at Lake Tyers. Of these folk living on the river bank the Officers heard, and forthwith went to visit them. They were not entire strangers to the Army, for two years ago an Officer stationed at Healesville visited the station periodically and conducted meetings with the natives. One of them, a woman of eighty years, suggested to the Officer that meetings should be held there again.

The following Sunday night it was announced that the Captain would go down the river among the people settled there, and hold a meeting. The comrades from the two-mile point were to inform them and do their best to gather a congregation.

Now, on any Sunday afternoon, whilst the Lieutenant attends to the children at the Young People's Corps, the Captain can be seen standing beneath a gum tree, on the banks of the Yarra, surrounded by about twenty adults and a crowd of children. The sound of singing fills the air, accompanied by music from the Captain's flutina. Three boys playing on gum-leaves, and harmonizing well with the other music, form an unusual orchestra.

A number of these people have been attracted to the Senior meetings at The Army Hall, and some are present each Sunday night. Several of the women have been converted and two enrolled as Soldiers. Some weeks ago a special meeting took place in the open country, when the Divisional

of Lt-Colonel Steven, one of the Soldiers noticed a man at the Open-air meeting who was evidently greatly impressed. As soon as the service terminated, he went after the man, and succeeded in escorting him to a second Open-air gathering held shortly after in another locality. There the Soldier did his best to persuade the man to get converted on the spot, but without avail.

But the Salvationist did not give in. He enlisted the aid of other comrades, and the man was invited to the Hall, with the result that the indoor meeting began that night with a broken-hearted penitent at the mercy-seat. The man had been separated from his family because of his drinking habits, and recently so saddened had he become by the loss of his

This comrade is to-day one of our most joyous fighters.

"Another evidence of the wide-spread character of the work is the case of a man who fifteen years ago had spent some nights in a Shelter in Germany, and there had heard the glad news of Salvation. In the intervening years he had tried to forget the Call of God, until the news reached him that The Army had opened in Vienna. Now an official in one of the smaller towns of Austria, he came to the capital and looked up the Salvationists. God's Spirit took hold of him and he surrendered."

"Known in the whole street as a terrible drunkard, a woman was advised to go to The Army, and after a terrible battle she found freedom from her bondage. Our Color-Sergeant was once a great mocker of all things Holy or Divine. The first time he saw one of our Open-air meetings he ran away for fear he might be tempted to disturb as and be arrested by the police. But curiosity drove him back to the Hall, where conviction took hold of him and he was definitely converted."



An Army Day School in session, Gold Coast, West Africa

Young People's Secretary dedicated one of the children to God. Twenty-three miles from Healesville, the Silvan Dam is under construction, and about three hundred men are employed there. Every fortnight the Officers visit the Dam, hold an Open-air meeting, and distribute "War Cry's" among the men who are keenly appreciative of the Officers' efforts on their behalf. Among these men are two Finnish lads who are converted, and who take their stand in the Open-air ring. A little distance from the Dam is Silvan Township, where live a family of Salvationists. Thither the Officers go at the close of the meeting at the Dam, and share the hospitality of The Army household. The three children of the family pray and testify during family prayers that follow the meal. Visitation is then engaged in till night-time, when a meeting is held.

BRAZIL

ONE OF our Officers in Brazil, who was paying his usual visit with copies of "O Brado De Guerra" ("The War Cry") on Saturday night to the public-houses, was invited by three men to sit at their table. He accepted their invitation, and they told him quite frankly they wished to speak seriously with him. After sundry explanations about The Salvation Army, the Officer spoke to the men about their sinful lives and of the necessity of getting saved, and all three were deeply impressed and promised to attend the meetings. Our comrades are praying for them. At another Corps, during the visit

sons, that he had tried to commit suicide on the railway. Happily the train was stopped in time. According to the latest news, this Convert is making good spiritual progress.

AUSTRIA

AFTER months of faithful pioneering labor in Vienna, an Officer now writes: "Some months ago my Lieutenant and I were appointed to open the first Corps in this great city. Our meetings have been well attended, and naturally many of the visitors come from sheer curiosity. The Open-air meetings in the fine squares of this beautiful city are attended by large crowds, which, on the whole, are exceedingly attentive. The police are very kind and willing to render any service required."

"Some of our first Soldiers have interesting stories to relate. Two young women in our Guitarr Band are Jewesses who met with great opposition at home when they first confessed Christ. They were told they must leave if they persisted in their new faith, but their ardent prayers have been answered and all objections overcome, even to the wearing of full uniform."

"Another comrade, a business woman who had lost all her possessions owing to the deception of her partner, had twice attempted suicide, when she suddenly remembered having been offered a "War Cry" a year before by a Salvationist who had spoken to her about Salvation. She thought The Army must be in Vienna also, so she set out to look for it. At last she found The Army, obtained deliverance from sin and despair.

NORWAY

THE CAPTAIN of The Salvation Army in Lifeboat "Catherine Booth" has told many a thrilling story of his exciting fights with the billows. Sometimes when a full gale has been blowing and every hour brought its risk, he and his comrades have had to pull the shipwrecked fishermen out of the very jaws of death in the dark night, when there was no other light than the sea sparks in the bilge-water of that gallant little rescue boat. At other times they have had to fight death when the thermometer was far below zero, when the deck was covered with ice, the rigging was transformed to icicles, and the sheet-edges of the rescue-men's jackets were covered with ice which cut the hands of the noble men.

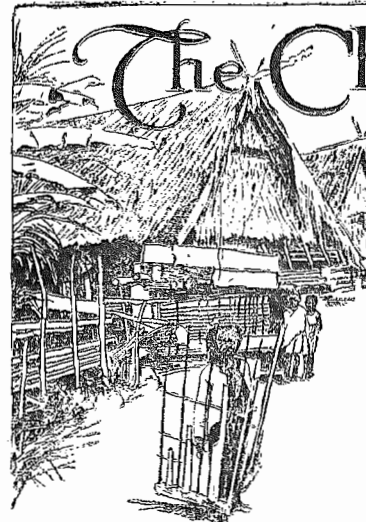
Sometimes the brave rescue men helped a Norwegian sailor or fisherman, sometimes it was a crew of another nation. During one of the lifeboat's cruises, the Captain observed the derelict of a fishing-boat on which a poor fisherman was clinging to the keel. With great difficulty the "Catherine Booth" manoeuvred close to the derelict, and ultimately the exhausted fisherman was pulled on board in a most pitiable condition. He was taken down into the cabin, where he was attended to in the best possible way by the Salvationists, and gradually he regained his strength after his dangerous fight with the billows. With happy anticipation he looked forward to meeting his wife and little children who were in a hamlet in the neighboring village. What would have become of him if our comrades had not risked their lives to save him?

But they were not satisfied with having saved him merely from a grave in the cold billows. What about his soul? Was he prepared to meet God? The Captain and his men pleaded with him, and while the "Catherine Booth" was cruising towards the safe harbor, there went up a prayer for Salvation from that little cabin to the throne of God; and the prayer was answered.

The CHALLENGE of the EAST

A STORY OF THE TROPICS

by Ensign William G. Harris



NEW READERS START HERE

The story opens in a village of Central Java with the feared headman, Ramadikrama, calling the village "Mami" (mother) to his aid for the healing of his favorite wife, Soekihah.

The village "four-ang" are sounding to keep the evil spirits away when there is a cry in the evening air of "Ghoor! Ghoor! White Ghoor!" The whole populace run in terror for shelter in the white figure of Evangel Sellar.

They prove no other than the American Army missionaries, Captain John Sellar and Lieutenant Evangel Sellar, an American girl who have come to lead their aid to the sick woman. For some reason the latter allures help, about a further distance to Evangel Sellar.

There are glimpses of the Officers' bamboo "Quarters" at Djedak, some village ceremonies and the promotion of scout to the status of a grown dog as he is enlisted to look after Evangel while the Captain sets off for a distant village where he expects to stay the night.

The last chapters Evangel sets strongly during a restless night when she wishes to see three dark forms peering in through her window. Scout comes to the rescue. But what the three are some humorous experience in the next day's work.

The two ladies become close the speech of their work. But there are plotting against them in the village by the priest and headman. These are mainly caused by the village belle, Soekihah, who has an unreasonable hatred of Evangel Sellar because of her beauty.

A plan is conceived in the dark minds of the headman and priest, and their sons, Kasman and Ross respectively, are on the way to the head of Soekihah and Lama, the native helpers of the missionaries, to put it into action.

Lieutenant Evangel Sellar, who is alone while her Captain is detained in another village, prepares for the journey on horseback to help the village. She is fearful of riding the horse, which has been unruly. There comes a center in the mind of the Lieutenant between duty and desire, but after some moments of prayer, she accepts the challenge of the East, mounts on her horse, and gallops off to her work.

At the same time, young Duncan Voorhuis sets out to the village of the headman Ramadikrama, to collect the amount of

FROM READ ON.

CHAPTER V

FROM one village to another Lieutenant Evangel Sellar, the young American missionary, journeyed, encouraging, exhorting and teaching wherever she could find a group of listeners.

In the crude chanties of the rice fields she unfolded her roll of Bible pictures, and by the eye-gate, as well as the ear-gate, stirred yearnings and hope in the dark hearts of people fettered by superstition.

She tied her horse to the portals of a crudely ornamented wooden gate of a village, and talked and sometimes sang to the people as they performed their work. Every village had its own craft, so sometimes Evangel stopped with the women who were potters, deftly fashioning native vessels from the red clay of the district. At other times her machine shed introduced her to a company of spinning bamboo which they plaited into native mats to sell at the weekly market.

How glad the young missionary Officer felt that she had not stayed at home. She was very tired and her hands had become blistered by the tropical sun while holding the horse's reins, but a holy joy pulsed through her entire being. She was doing the will of God. To-day's challenge of the East had been accepted by her.

She came across a party of women washing clothes at the rushing river. They slashed the wet clothes against the smooth river boulders instead of rubbing them, and used a green cloth

obtained from a certain leaf in lieu of the expensive and rarely-to-be-obtained soap of America.

With a smiling salutation she would doubtless have won their friendship and confidence had not the swishing of their clothes at an inopportune moment disturbed the equilibrium of Mac. He suddenly reared; then kicking up his hind legs he nearly unseated Evangel, and set off at a great pace up the winding path of the mountain-side.

The Lieutenant clung like a leech, but she could tell he was "getting his head." There was a tense struggle for mastery between a frail pair of hands and the animal strength of the horse. But the horse won.

He turned suddenly from the uphill path and raced along a clearing above and parallel to the river. Hoping for the best, Evangel Sellar clung on desperately.

The plateau-like part of the clearing ended suddenly and merged sharply into the rocky slope which led to the foaming torrents below. A great fear gripped the girl as she looked ahead and saw. What should she do? To roll off the madly charging horse would mean certain death on the rocks of the hillside.

She breathed a prayer for help, committed herself to the Lord and was faintly encouraged by the "woof! woof!" of the faithful Scout barking in the valley.

To the end of the path they sped, and nearing it Evangel could but set her teeth and shut her eyes and hope.

She remembered but a great increase of speed, a falling-away sort of feeling when she found herself being hurled through space, and then for an eternity—falling, falling, falling—would she never find earth again? Then there was a sickening splash, a violent twinge of pain in the right leg and the young missionary found herself in the rapid river frantically clinging to an upjutting rock.

Scout was seen swimming to her rescue. But a mist began to gather before the girl's eyes. The pain in her leg increased and burned like a red-hot iron. Resolutely she held onto the slippery rock, but it was hard work against the swift-flowing waters.

She looked around for Scout. He was nowhere to be seen. The burning pain increased beyond endurance. Everything was a blur. Evangel, with an effort, cried "Help!" several times. But her hands were slipping, the feeble strength was ebbing, and then—

She let go and all was black.

Round about this time Duncan Voorhuis and his party came on to the high ground some two miles away on the opposite bank of the river.

"See, sir, see, what is it?" A native of the party asked the white man, and all looked in the direction in which he pointed.

Voorhuis whipped out his field glasses and trained them on the flying speck of white in the distance.

"A white woman and a runaway horse," he explained in surprise. "Whoever can it be in this God-forsaken place?"

"Oh!" and his jaw dropped in dismay. "The beast has thrown her. She'll drown for sure unless we can give a hand quickly." So at a stretch gallop the party urged their horses along the high land overlooking the river.

Duncan Voorhuis picked out the form of Evangel Sellar clinging to the rock in the river; then tying his steed to a tree at the fringe of the jungle belt of the hillside, which stretched down to the water's edge, he set off at a run to the rescue.

He found the jungle dense. Thick creepers swung from tree to tree, turning the tropical day into a vague twilight.

There was a thickness of undergrowth, too, under foot, covering a score of holes and pitfalls.

Voorhuis stumbled rather than walked.

It seemed he had been going an age. The picture of the white girl in distress haunted him and he pressed onward as fast as possible. Still he seemed no nearer the river in this mysterious and interminable stretch of forest and ferns.

The streams of perspiration that wet his brow were as much from anxiety as from strenuous effort.

Would he never find his way to her? He mildly cursed his negligence in not taking his compass from the saddle-bag.

Presently he stopped short. The jungle grew thicker and darker. Yes—he had to admit it, he was lost.

"Fool," he called himself tersely.

"Woof! woof!" A few minutes later Scout pushed his way through the undergrowth and agitatedly appealed to the white man as only dogs can. Voorhuis naturally followed the dog.

"Have a care," Duncan shouted, as a few minutes later the party of natives laid the suffering form of Evangel Sellar on a hastily improvised cane and bamboo stretcher—although there was no need for the adjuration.

The fact that he was wet through from his rescue hardly seemed to dawn on the young assistant contralere as he hurried arrangements for Evangel's comfort. As he afterwards admitted to himself, he was strangely anxious about this unknown girl.

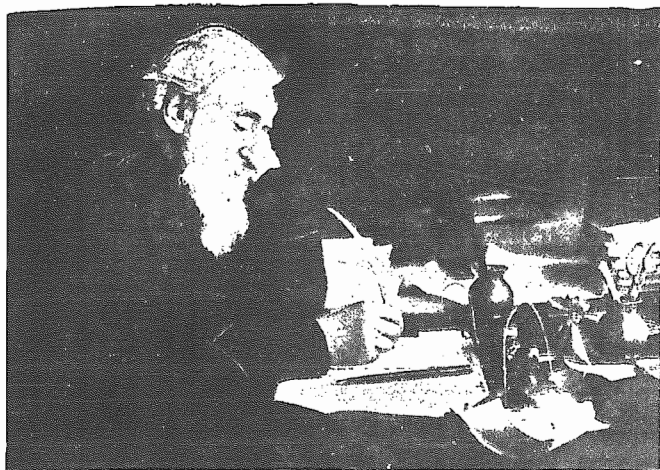
"Where does the white lady live?" he asked.

Someone ventured the information—"Djedak"



She held on to the slippery rock. It was hard work against the swift-flowing waters

Tjandri was nearer than Djedak and more accessible for the doctor of the district, he decided. So to the home of Minneer and Mervon Ram-maker, The Army Lieutenant was taken.
(To be continued)



IT is a charge brought against us by some that we make a hobby of the subject of Holiness, that, like Paganini with his violin, we are always fiddling on one string. If they brought the charge against him, I suppose he could have replied, or somebody could have replied for him, that he was able to bring more music out of his one string than his rivals could bring out of their four; and if it is true that we are frequently engaged on this one topic, I think that there are many people who can bear witness that there has been brought out of it some music wonderfully beautiful, wonderfully entrancing, music which has been made a blessing to them, and to many who are round about them. But I take exception to the correctness of the charge. I say, varying the figure, we are running our Hallelujah Express to Heaven, not on one line, but on three.

The first line of these rails we call Pardon, and I am sure we very often talk of that.

The second we term Purity—a clean heart, with a clean life; and

The third we term Sacrifice, or the giving up of all that we possess to the service of our Lord and Sovereign.

That is, first, saved from hell, and having the consciousness of it, with our feet consciously on the rock of Salvation.

Secondly, saved from inward, as well as outward sin; and

Thirdly, having been saved from the penalty and power and inbeing of sin, being enabled by grace to devote all we possess to the great work of being saviours to those who are round about us.

Jesus Christ has come to deliver us from sin. No one would want to localise this purpose, or contract it, by saying He intended to save a man from getting drunk, from telling lies, or swearing or thieving—that is, to take the out-works, while the very citadel, the heart, is left infected with pride, selfishness, envy, hatred, revenge, bad temper, and everything that is bad.

rotten, devilish, and unlike God. Surely, to deliver man, God must not only break the neck of the open and outward foes who have domineered over him, but He must destroy those inward enemies, and save us from the hands of all that is devilish in our own secret passions, tempers and dispositions.

You never need sin any more. Here's the Conqueror. He is coming this way. He can toss His enemies. He can toss them out of your heart. But some people's notions of this tossing very much resembles the predicament in which many unfortunate farmers are found in wet seasons with their crops. They cannot get the blessed sunshine long enough to gather them in, and so they are always tossing them about, and when they get them pretty well dried there comes another shower, and then they have to toss them again.

Now this is just the notion many have, or seem to have, of the Saviour's work. They think He just comes and tosses their sins from one corner into another, turns them over every now and then, and lets them have an airing at Holiness Councils, Special Campaigns, and the like, but leaves them much the same as He found them.

I tell you this is all a mistake. This Unicorn, if you will let Him, will do something more effectual than that. He has strength enough to toss the pride, the temper, and selfishness not only from one corner into another, but out of your hearts entirely. He will conquer, and He will not only conquer, but He will annex your heart, and make it His own territory over which He will rule absolutely.

Does anyone say, "How is it this has not been done in me?" I will give you one verse which will explain this to you. Referring to Mary, the blessed Mother of our Lord, the Holy Ghost says, "And blessed is she that believed, for there shall be a performance of those things which were told her of the Lord."

Oh, have there not been some wonderful things told you? You have heard that you can

THE PERFORMANCE OF THE PROMISE

Comes not to Those who Hear, Feel, Agonise, or Consecrate, but to Those who will Believe

By The Founder

have victory over sin, that you can have peace flowing like a river—you have been told that your joy may be full, indescribable, unspeakable, and full of glory. You have heard that you can be turned into a saviour of men, that your days can be like the days of heaven on earth, and I know not what other wonderful things you may have heard. But there is something more than hearing necessary to complete your blessedness, it is the performance you want.

I remember hearing of a man who was always going about hearing lectures. "Oh," he said one day to a friend in the street, "I have been to hear the most wonderful lecture on the training of children; it was so clever. Where have you been?" The other replied, "I have been at home doing it."

It is the doing that is lacking. You have heard, and heard, and heard again until you have almost got weary of the theme. Now it has been a new book, then a new preacher—now a new friend, and then you have been off to new meetings, conferences, or councils or the like, but have got no further forward. Oh may God let there be a performance!

But how can the performance be? Here it is. "Blessed is she that believeth, for there shall be a performance of those things which were told her"—to the woman that believed, for there is nothing promised to anyone else and, thank God, this is for the men as well as for the women, and to everyone of us, whether man or woman, if we will but believe, there shall be a performance of the things which have been told us from the Lord.

"He that believeth shall be saved." It is not to him that hears, to him that desires, to him that agonises, to him that concentrates. But it is promised and assured and given to him that believes.

Will you accept this Divine message that this full and holy Salvation is for you, bought for you, promised to you, given to you, that it is yours—yours now, just now, that long according to His Word save you now! Then there shall be a performance of all the things that have been told you from the Lord—over one jot or tittle shall fall to the ground. All shall come to pass. You shall receive the Christ the living sanctifying, victorious Christ. And with Him the great Conqueror, you shall be victorious over all your enemies, you shall be holy, you shall be blessed among men and blessed for evermore.

A TOWN WITHOUT MONEY

(Continued from page 3)

to be abolished on the Colony. He knew the tremendous hold which gambling had upon the Chinese, and made this historic decision after consideration of his experiences at the "Number Two Colony"—another Army Leper establishment in Sumatra where money was rendered useless by the isolation of the Colony and a check system was in vogue.

Abolition of money! Revolution in Lilliput! The Colony seethed. The Chinese Mayor away in Medan was cynical. The Major went on announcing that after a certain date no money would be of any value in the Colony and would not be accepted at the Colony shop, nor would the workmen be paid in money.

His efforts to explain the system of book credits and debits which would supersede money can only be likened to an attempt to persuade a child that penny stamps are as good

as the coins it had previously extracted from aunts and uncles.

On the first morning of the Poeloe si Tjananc Post Money Era, the first to be "paid" looked at his brand new book into which credit for his wages had been entered, put it down, and walked away. The second cried: "I want money!" The Colony seethed again.

The next day a representative of the Malaysians in the Colony asked the Major to explain the new system to them again, and declared that the Chinese headman—who had to be used as a translator—had spread a very different tale! So it seemed, when the Major found a hundred and fifty of the Chinese, laden with baskets, plates, dishes, etc., surging to-

ward the main gate of the Colony, off to put their case before some one who would help them. The lame and the blind were there.

"Where are you going?" asked the Major.

"We don't know!" they cried. Were ever human beings in more pitiful plight than these leprosy exiles fighting against the hand of Love?

When they reached the Government Road and were met by many police, the poor settlers turned back home. Next day the rising bell rang out as usual over the Colony, but no one responded. The people had decided upon a general strike, and had resolved to stay in bed indefinitely. This not only meant a grave breach

of the discipline necessary in such a place, but a cessation of the medical treatment essential to the comfort of the diseased Colonists.

"No one will receive food till he or she has attended the dispensary," was the order, and one by one the people crept to the place of bandages and antiseptic, thence to the kitchen.

On the following day the Major visited his recalcitrant charges with the new account books in his arms.

"This afternoon you can shop," he said. "Bring the books I will give you and see for yourself whether the writing in them is not as good as money."

The Officers were serving in the shop from 1 p.m. until 7 p.m. that day, and the faces of the Colonists were a study in puzzled satisfaction.

(More about "The Town Without Money" next week)



International Headquarters,
London, England.

Territorial Commander,
Lt.-Commissioner, William
Maxwell,

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be addressed to the Editor.

GENERAL ORDER

YOUNG PEOPLE'S RALLY DAY

Staff and Field Officers are re-
quested to observe that Rally Day,
held in connection with the Young
People's Work, is to be observed on
Sunday, September 30th.

WILLIAM MAXWELL,

Territorial Commander.

OFFICIAL GAZETTE

(By Authority of the General)

PROMOTIONS:

TO BE ENSIGN—

Captain Ruby Harding, London IV,
Captain Albert Ellis, Lippincott,
Captain Cornelius Warrander, Toronto 1.

MARRIAGE—

Lieutenant Gladys Buxton, out of Stratford,
27.26, last stationed at 13 Bridge,
to Captain James Wilson, out of
Stratford, 27.25, stationed at Mount
Forest, at Stratford, on September
6th, by Colonel Adby.

WILLIAM MAXWELL,

Territorial Commander.

EDITORIAL

MARATHONS

A GREAT deal of excitement has
been caused of late by the
swimming marathons held at
the Canadian National Exhibition.
Much comment has been called forth
in the Press by the failure of any one
of the contestants in the main event
to complete the course owing to cold-
ness of the water. All seem united
in the opinion that it was a cruel test
of physical endurance.

Of course, the great incentive for
athletes to thus test their endurance
to the limit is the big prize offered to
the winner.

Without further discussing the
merit or otherwise of such events we
would point out here that the idea of
prize which is one which was seized
upon by the Apostle Paul, who must
have heard much of Olympians in his
day, to drive home an important
spiritual lesson.

Writing to the Corinthians, who
being Greeks were strong on athletic
contests at that period, he said: "Know ye not that they which run in a race all, but one receiveth the prize? So run that ye may obtain. . . . Now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown; but we an incorruptible."

We thus see that followers of
Christ may be likened to competitors
in a marathon. But there is this dif-
ference. "This race is not to the swift."
No one who works faithfully and
diligently for God can position
tall of a reward. Nor is it laid up, to
be given some time in a better and
brighter world. Here and now in the
midst of life's busy toils this Master

(Continued at foot of column 1)

"Midst the heather hills of his 'Ain countrie'"

FINAL ARMY HONORS PAID TO AN INDOMITABLE WARRIOR

An Eye-Witness Sends a Moving Account of the Funeral Service of

COMMISSIONER WILLIAM EADIE

WE stepped into the darkened,
blind-drawn room where the
oaken casket lay that contain-
ed the last remains of that world-
travelled Salvation Army stalwart,
Commissioner William Eadie. We
gazed intently upon the placid, peace-
ful features that had been so well
known in many parts of the world.
He lay like a warrior taking his
rest, after the rush and the stress of
the well-fought battle, wrapped in the
yellow, red and blue that he loved so
well. The indomitable warrior had
passed on to join the greater Army in
Heaven.

Commissioner Mapp, in a choked
voice, speaking in this
darkened room where the
flag-covered cof-
fin lay, said of his
passing, "He seemed
to be in his usual
health, and he was
talking after dinner
to some friends, and
was apparently in the
best of spirits. He
had just finished tell-
ing about the many
changes that had
come so suddenly
and so unexpectedly
into his life, and had
then leaned back in
his chair listening to
something that his
nephew was saying.
When an answer was
returned to a question
propounded, the
nephew looked closer
and found that life
was extinct. There
was no struggle, no
hint that death was
so near, but a simple
breathing of the last
breath, a folding of
the hands, and this
"bonnie fecther" of
his rugged battles, he
of the rugged soldier-
like exterior, and a
heart of gold, laid
down the sword and
took up the cross."

Mrs. Bow's kindly, sympathetic
presence, together with
brought much comfort to Mrs. Eadie,
who set brave, yet frail and broken,
throughout the service. The Chief
of the Staff's tribute to the life, work,
and worth of his veteran friend and
Training Home chum, was moving in-
deed.

Outside the little cottage home,
where the Commissioner had hoped
to spend many quiet, but useful days,

the procession was marshalled by the
band of Bonnie Rothery Bay. The
mists hung low over the distant hills
of Cowal and Argyll, and the rain that
had threatened all morning came
down in a short, sharp shower as the
procession composed of Bandsmen
from Greenock I and II Corps, and
Port Glasgow, with Officers from
nearby Corps, accompanied by many
of their soldiers, moved along the
busy promenade amongst the holiday-
makers, and swung round into the
High Street, which was ascended to
the tap of muffled drum and the
weird, wailing notes of the "Dead
March in Saul."



COMMISSIONER EADIE LAID TO REST.
Commissioner Mapp is seen leading the service,
with Colonel Langdon, Sub-Territorial Commander
for Scotland, on his right

It was strange that, one or two days
before the Commissioner's sudden
end, he should, while visiting the
Cemetery, express a wish to be buried
there if he should die in or near
Rothery.

Commissioner Mapp paid tribute in
full by the graveside to one whom he
had looked upon as a close personal
friend for the last thirty years, his
voice reaching the edge of the vast
crowd that had gathered amongst the
(Continued in column 4)

MRS. LT.-COMMISSIONER
MAXWELL

Addresses Gathering at Canadian
National Exhibition on W-1
Done by Women Officers of The
Salvation Army

THE SPLENDID Social Ser-
vice work done by the women Of-
ficers of The Salvation Army was
described by Mrs. Lt.-Commissioner
Maxwell at a large gathering in the
Women's Building at the Canadian
National Exhibition on Friday after-
noon last, held under the auspices of
the National Council of Women.

Dr. Margaret Patterson, Magistrate
of the Toronto Women's Court, pre-
sided and when introducing Mrs. Max-
well paid a very fine tribute to the
work of The Salvation Army in re-
connection with the Police Court. She
also stated that many times she had
felt that her task would be an impos-
sible one without the splendid help of
The Army.

Mrs. Maxwell included in her ad-
dress some particulars regarding The
Army's Fresh Air Camp at Jackson's
Point, where 400 children were given
an outing this year.

The Army has been greatly helped
in this work by the "Daily Star" Fresh
Air Fund and Mrs. Maxwell expressed
her warm thanks for this assistance.
In her report of Mrs. Maxwell's ad-
dress the "Star" said: "She painted
a striking picture of the homes from
which children came to whom these
Summer holidays were given at Jack-
son's Point. One home she told of
had seven children in it and not even
a bed. The Salvation Army took in
of them to camp and provided mat-
tresses for the home. Everything at
the camp is free to the children and
each case is investigated by a social
worker."

(Continued from column 3)

gratifying testimonials. Colonel Lang-
don's earnest words carried conviction
to many, and especially to one
group of listeners near the writer,
when he declared that he believed the
words of Jesus Christ when he said
that Heaven was the eternal reward
for those who loved Him, and of Paul
who declared "I know in whom I have
believed . . . and He is faithful."
Slowly and solemnly the Commis-
sioner conducted the communal ser-
vice of the mortal remains of one of
God's heroes, who had truly laid down
his life for the cause. We left him
there where the winds of Heaven
blow in fresh and clean from the
broad Atlantic, there, midst the
heather hills of his "ain countrie."
J. McGibben.

(Continued from column 1)
requires His servants. No worker has
to wait till the end of all things, and
the day of final reckoning, for the
pensation. Here and now he receives
day by day, the due reward of his
deeds.

The more satisfaction of duty done
is something, and the consciousness
of the approving smile of the Lord
to many heroic souls quite satisfied.
Can anyone do good and not be
better for it? The utterance of a
kindly deed, the diffusion of a
heavenly influence, reverts upon the
soul and blesses it. The rewards of
service are sure, and are given day
by day on the soul.

The gifts of a larger love are
through loving; nobler service
through forbearance with the sick-
serving; the spirit of self-sacrifice by
obedience to the more exalted de-
mands.

They who have given much to the
Lord need never inquire, saying,
"What shall we have therefor?"
for no man living has spent himself
for the cause of God and He will
but he has already received in this
life abundant recompense.

The marvellous therefore and we would
do well to ponder them and we
again resolve to abide by the apostle's
intimation. "So run that ye may
obtain."

THE COMMISSIONER'S APPOINTMENTS

MOTOR CAMPAIGN IN THE LONDON DIVISION

Thursday, September 20th—STRATFORD.

Friday, September 21st—ISTOWEL (12.15 p.m.), PALMERSTON (3.00 p.m.), HARRISTON (4.30 p.m.), HANOVER (8.00 p.m.).

Saturday, September 22nd—CHESLEY (11.45 a.m.), WIARTON (8.00 p.m.).

Sunday, September 23rd—OWEN SOUND.

Monday, September 24th—SOUTHAMPTON (11.45 a.m.), PORT ELGIN (2.30 p.m.), KINCARDINE (4.15 p.m.), WINGHAM (8.00 p.m.).

Lt.-Commissioner Hoe, Colonel Taylor, and Brigadier Burton will accompany.

CAMPAIGN IN NORTH BAY DIVISION

SAULT STE. MARIE 11—Saturday, September 29th.

SAULT STE. MARIE 1—Sunday, September 30 (Both Corps unite).

NEW LISKEARD—Tuesday, October 2nd (Cobalt and Halleybury to unite).

KIRKLAND LAKE—Wednesday, October 3rd.

TIMMINS—Thursday, October 4th.

Colonel Adby and Major Cameron will accompany.

HAMILTON I'S NEW CITADEL

THE COMMISSIONER Conducts Impressive Opening Ceremony and Energetic Week-end Fight

"A Place where Miracles will be Performed"

THE HAMILTON I CORPS now has a new Citadel. The prayers of past years have been answered. The vision of former leaders has been rewarded. The labors of veterans and juniors have been recompensed. Gone is the old building, no lament was chanted, and for days of utility were over, and for many months Officers and Soldiers have chafed under the need of increased facilities with which to cope with the ever-expanding work.

But though the old Hall is no more, the spirit of fervency and fire and fighting still survives. It is the heritage passed from the old to the new. Already that heritage has been grasped, for on Sunday, September 22nd—the very first Sabbath day spent in the new building—eleven sections found the Saviour. And the old Hall is gone—but the old Fire remains.

Our Territorial Commander, who was accompanied by Mrs. Maxwell, led the day's services. They were supported by a number of Officers, including Colonel and Mrs. Hargrave, Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Moore and Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. McAmmond. The latter has been laid aside for some time, but we praise God that she was able to be present on this occasion. Commandant and Mrs. Ellsworth, the Corps Officers, also supported our Leader, at all meetings.

The Initial Opening

When the expectant throng gathered for the initial opening of this Citadel to the public, on Saturday evening, September 8th, they realized that they were about to witness an event which would be marked as epochal in The Army's history in Hamilton. "I count it an honor to open this building for the glory of God and the Salvation of men and women, boys and girls," said the Commissioner as he threw wide the doors.

There was a fascinating brightness and a spirit of sanguine hopefulness about the service which followed. Of course these are Army qualities, and we feel sure that the cheery brightness of the new auditorium will tend to foster them. This very noticeable feature of the building was the subject of special comment by Controller Peebles, a warm friend of The Army, representing the Mayor, who was absent from the city at the time. "I am especially interested in the work of The Army," the Controller stated. "For the last couple of years I have had associations with the Department of Relief, and I find that The Army is of great value to the city from the monetary, as well as the spiritual and moral standpoint."

"Holy Ground"

"This is holy ground," he continued, "Miracles will be performed here and the lives of men and women will be changed." The same thought had been appropriately expressed by Mrs. Lt.-Commissioner Maxwell at the conclusion of the Scripture reading. "God has opened this Temple as a place where miracles will be performed." Already have their words proved true.

Mr. J. B. Bell, who so readily came to The Army's aid in the supervision of the Drive, also expressed his pleasure at being present. He asserted that he found it comparatively easy to convince the people of the splendid work which The Army is doing in Hamilton.

Appreciation for the good men who so faithfully stand by The Army in all of its endeavors was expressed

by Lt.-Colonel McAmmond, the Commander for the Hamilton Division. He mentioned that Hamilton I owed a great deal to the splendid foresight of the two previous Divisional Commanders, Colonel Hargrave and Lt.-Colonel Moore, who, discerning the need, planned energetically for its eventual realization. And to the Commissioner, whose whole-hearted support has been behind the scheme since its inception, he conveyed the sincere thanks of the Officers and Soldiers and the Corps' well-wishers at large.

After commending those who had so nobly "put their shoulders to the wheel," the Commissioner proceeded to briefly elucidate the great motive which lay behind the erection of the new building. "This structure is not to be utilized merely for purposes of song and musical festivals," he admonished, "nor even for soul-saving work. It is for the purpose of worship. Give some deference and respect to the building. The soul-saving will be all right if the worship is all right."

And then the Commissioner told us of the "Old Gang." They designated themselves thus because, somehow or other, it symbolized the spirit which bound them together in the days gone by at the old No. 1 Corps. Though separated by thousands of miles the same spirit still creates a unifying sympathy. The "Old Gang" wanted their memory to live in the new Hall! So they clubbed together and procured a number of verdant ferns, which to-day beautify the building and are a lasting memorial to the now scattered comrades. Among the claimants to the appellation are many names familiar to all Canadian Salvationists—names such as Ensign and Mrs. Eveuden, of China, Mrs. Captain Lang (nee Captain Hawkes), of India, and Ensign and Mrs. W. L. bourn, of China. And there were others, nearer home perhaps, equally well known.

The first Sunday in the new Citadel was an auspicious occasion for

Hamilton Salvationists. In the initial meeting the truths about Holiness were fully delineated by our Leaders. Mrs. Colonel Hargrave prayed earnestly for an outpouring of God's blessing, and the four souls who sought Full Salvation, at the conclusion of Mrs. Maxwell's address, formed the answer to her supplication. Adjutant Jones and Captain Maxwell, former Corps Officers, were present. The Adjutant stated that the Home League had furnished the first \$100.00 toward the building, and, in fact, every department of the Corps did its part in a most admirable manner.

Capacious Young People's Hall

Our new status as men and women of God was emphasized by Mrs. Maxwell. "How beautiful that out of Hamilton went warriors who could go to the utmost parts of the earth and stand as men and women of God . . . Out of small places can come mighty men. From an ordinary home in Nottingham came a man of God, whose name is heard in every land and whose picture hangs in every city of the world." The picture of this man of God, our beloved Founder, was the first to adorn the walls of the new auditorium. The Founder has gone on before. This year we celebrate the Centenary of his birth. May his spirit descend upon the Hamilton I Corps in all its invigorating fulness.

Prior to the Musical "Free and Easy" in the afternoon, the Commissioner, together with Colonel Hargrave, visited the Young People in their Company Meeting.

The Young People's Hall, seating four hundred and fifty, was athrob with the natural excitement of the "little people" who were so anxious to hear their Leader. The Commissioner's intensely interesting talk was followed by a few remarks from the Colonel.

It was quite fitting that Staff-Captain Riches should open the afternoon service with prayer. He is the genial Young People's man of the

Division, and his side of affairs was effectively represented in the lively items by the Young People's Singing Company and Band. The Senior combinations also participated in the program. They rendered splendid service during the week-end.

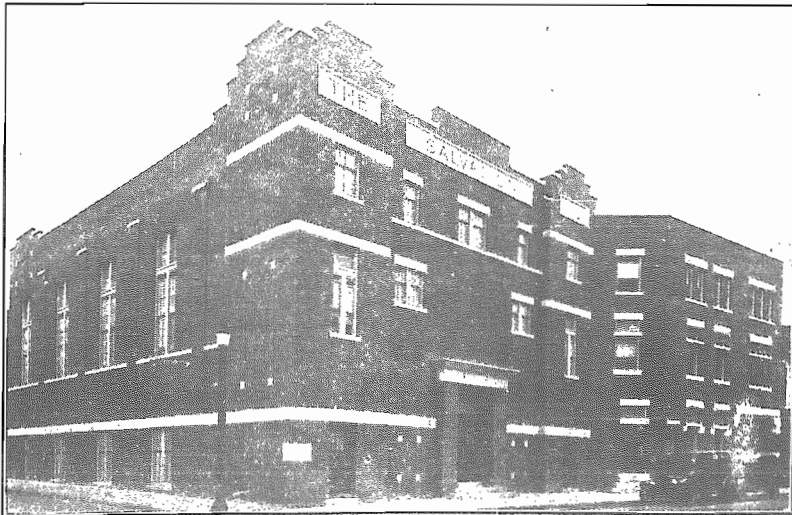
Despite the numerous engagements which occupied the Commissioner's attention during the week-end he found time, with the Divisional Commander and Captain Maxwell, to visit the General Hospital. There he spoke and prayed with Roland Oates, a Young People's Band-leader, and also with Bandmaster Collins, of No. 111 Corps.

In the Salvation meeting Captain Maxwell expressed her pleasure at once again associating with the Hamilton comrades, and Lt.-Colonel Moore, who was in a reminiscent mood, told us that he first became acquainted with the Corps years ago when he was appointed as Officer-in-charge. Messages from Colonel and Mrs. Chandler, former Divisional Officers, and Major and Mrs. Kendall, erstwhile Corps Officers, were read.

The Commissioner, in his characteristic chatty manner, and with the apt application of many, at first sight, matter-of-fact incidents gleaned by observation, presented to the sinner a Saviour who was, and is, the Master of all extremities. "But he is more than the Master of circumstances," the Commissioner assured his hearers. "He is the possessor of a heart of compassion."

God's Benediction

A most effective appeal was the song-invitation, sung by the Commissioner and Mrs. Maxwell. Hearts were stirred to their depths, and a deep spirit of conviction settled upon the meeting. Before long the first soul had come to the Jesus of Whom they had sung. The penitent-form—set apart in this new building so distinctively as a sacred place—became the door through which seven sick souls found the Master of Extremities. There, the Sergeant-Major exulted over the fact that a life-long friend, from the same home town, had come to the Cross. There, Colonel Hargrave prayed with a young man who was a backslider. The Colonel knew him years ago, when he was the drummer in an Army Corps. No wonder the faces of the comrades shone. Was not God already placing His benediction upon their new Hall! Well could they cry, in the words of Major Kendall's message. "Ten thousand Hallelujahs."



Hamilton I's splendid new Citadel, which comprises spacious Senior and Young People's Halls. The Divisional Headquarters adjoins the Citadel on the extreme right

Told for the First Time in this Way

(Continued from last week)

Edward Island

(Continued from column 1)

attraction in the Open-Airs at the Corps by acting as drummer.

Whitwell was converted in Vancouver as a lad of 12, and naturally, with such a liking for the drum, was soon a full-fledged Bandman. He has been since in the Vernon, B.C., Band, and also in the Toronto Temperance and Social Bands, having been a member of the latter for the past thirteen years.

Mrs. Blackburn came to Canada about five years ago, and has been a Soldier's wife since.

A SURVEY OF CURRENT THOUGHT AND EVENTS

A GREAT PEACE SPEECH

IN HIS speech before the League of Nations Assembly at Geneva, Premier King recently endorsed the anti-war pact recently signed in Paris, and held up the relations of Canada and the United States as a concrete example of a policy of renunciation of war as an instrument of national policy.

This is what he said regarding Canada and the United States:

"Our country is a land of reconciliation in achieving racial concord we have, more than any other, successfully exemplified the fulfillment of at least one fundamental principle of the League. In achieving international peace with our great neighbor we have fulfilled for more than a century another fundamental principle. If we are united to old France by past association and the many ties this has given rise to, equally are we linked by long association and kindred ties with the great country our neighbor to the south, with which we divide so large a portion of the continent. For a distance of more than 3,000 miles, stretching from the waters of the Atlantic to those of the Pacific frontier, Canada is divided from the United States by a boundary undefined from coast to coast. This undefined frontier is a symbol as remarkable as the shaft erected at Quebec to the memory of Wolfe and Montcalm. It is a joint possession, not made with the hands, but rather a creation and expression of the minds and hearts of the peoples of the respective countries. Of that undefined frontier I would like to say a word. It is intimately related to the subject matter of the treaty recently signed in Paris. It symbolizes the renunciation of war as an instrument of national policy."

He went on to point out that the two countries, ceasing to rely on force, have looked to reason as a method of solving differences, and gave that as one of the chief causes for their prosperity. With the elimination of the fear of aggression the two peoples can devote their full energies to the activities of peace and public moneys are utilized for purposes of productive industry.

The speech is said to have thrilled the Assembly and we trust it will do much towards convincing the nations of the foolishness and rotteness of war.

SCOTCHING THE RUM RUNNERS

A COURT action was recently brought by a brewing company against a man who allegedly violated an agreement to transport liquor across the Detroit River.

In dismissing the action Mr. Justice Roney pointed out that its success would have meant the recognition by the court of the rum-running business as a legitimate Canadian industry—which is impossible. However many companies incorporated under Dominion law may be engaged in the business, and however many millions of capital may be invested in it.

"It is for the people of the United States to determine their own laws and it is for the law-abiding people of other countries, including Canada, and therefore for the courts of Canada, not to lend aid or comfort to (illegitimate) persons within their borders in their violation," said His Lordship.

We congratulate Mr. Roney on his judgment and for his outspoken words. Canada should not in any way all or abet the gangs of liquor smugglers who are infesting our frontiers and reaping huge profits by pandering to depraved human appetites.

ANOTHER AVIATION RECORD

FURTHER progress in air travel was made recently when two American aviators flew a monoplane from Los Angeles to New York City in less than nineteen hours. The previous non-stop trans-continental record was thus clipped by eight hours.

This feat is hailed as establishing the feasibility of a commercial air-express service that will span the continent within twenty-four hours.

Beyond doubt every flight of this sort helps to bring the world nearer to the era of air travel. A review of

FIVE MILLION NEW SETTLERS

IT IS stated by Sir John Aird, President of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, that there are twenty million more people in Europe today than in 1912. Consequently the labor market is congested and a serious problem is arising in many countries. Sir John states that the logical solution to this European difficulty is "more settlers for Canada."

He says, "If the opinion of the Canadian people as a whole were sought it is certain that there would be an overwhelming majority in favor

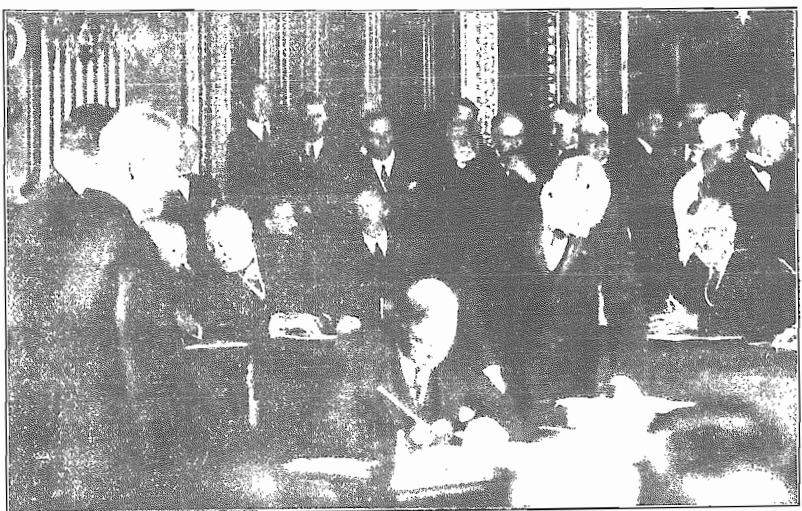
GOD'S LOVING CARE

THERE was an unexpected halt in the traffic one day recently in the Chicago Loop District. The cause was so unusual that a newspaper reporter made a story of it as follows:

"There, in the middle of the noon-time whirl of traffic; in the roar of a thousand noises; in the heart of the great financial district; suddenly and inexplicably there appeared a stranger, uninvited, unexpected."

"The alien was a fledgling brown thrush, just trying its wings and finding them, for the time, inadequate."

"Mounted Policeman Tom Healy



PEACEMAKER'S DAY IN PARIS, FRANCE
On August 27th, in the French Ministry for Foreign Affairs, the compact for the renunciation of war was signed by the representatives of fifteen nations. In the above photo we see Premier Mackenzie King of Canada, signing the pact

the progress made in flying since the dawn of the present century reveals that mankind is adopting flight far more readily than it adopted the railroad. Long trips by airplane are bound to become more frequent as public confidence grows in the safety and certainty of this mode of travel. Already the percentage of profitable flights is making a favorable showing as compared with other means of locomotion, and no doubt before long aviation will be utilized to its utmost by a world that is becoming increasingly air-minded.

"SEPARATORS" WANTED

AT ONE of his meetings in the Massey Hall, Toronto, Mr. Paul Rader made the following statements:

"What we need in this lolly-pop age is a few strong men and women who will walk apart and talk with God."

God is not looking for good people, He is looking for separatists. He is a highlander, who went up to the heights and talked with God, and then went down into the lanes of Israel and talked to the people, and they listened to him."

Stressing the need of a "revival in Canada," he expressed his opinion that "Canada is the hope of the continent"—Canada and that "Disraeli" border of the United States, with its old-fashioned customs and its Sabbath-observing people. He scored "lolly-pop influences," and said that part of the States from New York to San Francisco was being conserved to ungoverned and uncontrolled.

of securing at least 5,000,000 new Canadian citizens as quickly as possible."

He points out that with only partial development of a vast range of natural wealth, about 50 per cent. of our total population is so profitably engaged in some form of production and service that the whole is supported in a manner unexcelled elsewhere and equaled by but few countries.

FOSTERING INTERNATIONAL WELFARE

THE WORK of the League of Nations is popularly supposed to be the prevention of war. This idea, however, inclines the general public to overlook its activities in social service.

Much is being done in this direction, however, especially in Asiatic countries. One of the big tasks of the League is to foster international cooperation in many branches of human endeavor, always with the aim of securing increased welfare and prosperity for the world over. Of such a nature is much of the work of the technical organizations of the League—the economic, health, transit and social organizations, and of the International Labor Office.

In the "Asiatic Review," Dr. Norman White tells of the work of the League's Health Organization, which helps to keep research workers in different countries in touch with one another. To this end a series of study tours have been organized during opportunity for health officials to ascertain what is being done in other countries.

saw it first. He blew mightily upon his whistle, held a halting palm to east, west, south, north.

"A score of motorists pulled emergency brakes and waited, expectantly, as for the shriek of fire engine sirens."

"But it was none so ordinary a matter as a hoop fire, they soon learned, for one by one the sidewalk crowds spotted the strutting fledgling, as it paraded slowly across the street."

"There was a rush for the bird."

"In the van of that stampede were newshoys, bankers, brokers, women shoppers, office girls, clerks."

"Leaving traffic halted at the intersection, with uniformed autoists jammed up in the distance and sounding sirens viciously, Mounted Policeman Healy galloped after the visitor from woodland."

"Under feet, under hoofs, under wheels, the bird led on for nearly a block."

"Then a newshoy caught it, one dive ahead of Bernice Paschack."

"That poor little bird came from the woods," said the girl, "I want to take it back."

"Give her the bird," ordered the policeman."

"And thus the fledgling found its way back to its woods and its greenery, after causing the Loop as much excitement as a conquering birdman."

Brigadier Parker, who sent us the newspaper clipping, comments on it, "What an example of God's care."

It is said in His Word that not a sparrow fallth to the ground without our Father knowing it. Shall He not much more care for His children?"

Toronto Inter-Divisional Life-Saving Scout and Guard

DIVINE SERVICE PARADE

Conducted by
THE CHIEF SECRETARY

THERE IS a charm about a youth which is irresistible—a charm which captivates hoary-headed, middle-aged and others who are not in either category. This magnetic quality was again apparent on the morning of Sunday, September 9th—the lodestone in the case being the Life-Saving Scouts and Guards of Toronto.

Very smart and soldierly they looked, paraded in respective Troops on the muster ground of the Armouries, they stood at the "alert," awaiting with more or less trepidation the moment when the "eagle-eye" of the inspecting Officer should be focused upon them. The inspection was conducted by the Chief Secretary, who was delighted to observe such a fine expression of the Life-Saving Movement as was evident on this occasion. A goodly percentage present revealed by tanned skins and healthy countenances that they had been among the fortunate coterie who spent their holidays in God's glorious outdoors.

The Colonel's "retinue" consisted of Mrs. Henry, Colonel Adhy, the Territorial Young People's Secretary, the Divisional Commanders and Young People's Secretaries, and the full staff of the Young People's Department, the Dovercourt Young People's Band (Leader "Jack" Robbins) provided music whilst the inspection was under way. A crowd of no mean proportions viewed the proceedings with interest.

The inspection over, Staff-Captain Ritchie to whom fell the lot of organizing the Parade, called for the Full Salute and then with banners waving and stepping smartly to the strains of the four Young People's Bands of Riverdale, Danforth, Dovercourt and Fairbank, they marched to the Temple, awakening the echoes and arousing the almond-eyed denizens of "Chinatown," through which they passed enroute. The Chief Secretary took the salute at the Temple. The Temple auditorium presented an animated and colorful spectacle, as did into their ranks. The service, according to the program, but there was nothing "programmy" about it. Songs were well adapted to the spirit of a meeting of this character and "Soldiers of Christ, arise" was sung with the characteristic vigor of youth, the Temple Bands Band supplying the accompaniment.

Staff-Captain Ritchie prayed that each might have a "listening ear and an open heart." Colonel Adhy soloed, accompanied by his inseparable companion—the concertina.

It was the privilege of Staff-Captain Wilson, on behalf of the assembled Life-Savers to extend greetings to the leader of the gathering. He did so with a hearty warmth. The long and honorable careers of the Chief Secretary and Mrs. Henry, said the Staff-Captain, were well characterized by that splendid ideal which animates Life-Saving Scouts and Guards—"To save and to serve."

Major Sparks read a Scripture portion dealing with the courageous example of three Old Testament "Life-Saving Scouts"—the Hebrew boys who came unscathed from the fiery furnace.

"Be strong and of good courage," was the fatherly advice of Colonel Adhy, quoting from Joshua's charge to his army. The Colonel revealed that actual courage is to be preferred to actual courage, reminding his hearers that the most dangerous adversaries that young people have to withstand in life are those that are invisible.

The Chief Secretary, recognizing that figurative language is the most potent means of approach, especially to the young, sounded a New Testament story line again as he addressed his youthful audience. His hearers were (Continued at foot of column 4)

Through Hearing a Song in an Army Open-Air

LIEUT.-COLONEL DAVID MOORE

Who Has Earned Honorable Retirement, Consecrated His Life to God and The Army

42 YEARS OF WHOLE-SOUL SERVICE AS A SOUL-WINNER

AS HE GOES into honorable retirement, Lt.-Colonel David Moore can look back after sixty-five years of life, forty-two of which have been devoted to strenuous and whole-souled service to God as a Salvation Army Officer.

It was in the village of North Gower, not far from Ottawa, that he was born. Among his earliest memories are the journeys to and from the village church holding fast to a strong parental hand.

After moving from place to place in his youth, young manhood found him living in Clinton, Ontario, where he was employed as assistant in a store, whence he was sent to Ray-

field hotel where he boarded he heard a young woman sing "Must I go, and empty-handed?" That song was God's message to his soul, and the question of his life-work was settled.

Another incident which occurred about this time also influenced him deeply. A young man of his acquaintance had been pleaded with to surrender to God and had refused, and then very suddenly death had overtaken him. This made young Moore feel more deeply than ever how great was the need of soul-winners. He hesitated no longer, but made application for Officership. There was no such thing as a Training



Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Moore and their Officer daughter, Lieutenant Mildred Moore

field as manager of a branch of the same business.

About this time came the occurrence which, little as he realized it then, was to change the whole course of his life—he met The Army, and from the first contact found a warm place in his heart for these devoted Soldiers of the Cross.

Captured by The Army

His capture by The Army was on this wise. He was only nominally religious, had certain church associations, but made no profession of real godliness, but there was one phase of religious exercise which never failed to attract him. He was passionately fond of singing. One evening the streets of Clinton were made to ring by a small party of Army Soldiers singing "Follow, follow, I will follow Jesus" in an Open-air meeting. Young Mr. Moore stopped and listened, and The Army had him.

He went to meetings for a short time and then decided to cast in his lot with The Army for life. Once the decision was made, he became an out-and-out Soldier and gave his very best in service to the little Corps which had become his spiritual home. Bayfield was ten miles away, but this young enthusiast did not find it hard to close his store at ten o'clock on Saturday night and then tramp to Clinton so as to be there for the Sunday meetings.

This continued for two years, when God again used the ministry of song as the deciding factor in another crisis of his life. The question of devoting all his time and strength to the winning of souls had become a live issue in his spiritual experience, largely through an address he heard on "They that turn many to righteousness (shall shine) as the stars forever." He was debating the matter in his mind, anxious to do the whole will of God, but fearful lest he should make a mistake which would darken

Garrison in those days, so in a very short time we find Cadet David Moore a Blood-and-Fire Assistant at Goderich, and seven months later a Captain in charge at Teeswater, beginning a career of usefulness and devotion which has continued without a break for forty-two years, ending now in honorable and well-earned retirement.

Teeswater was followed by the command of several Corps, including Listowell, Bothwell and Ridgeway. Then Territorial Headquarters created the new rank of Ensign, and Captain Moore was one of the first to receive it, being appointed at the same time to Woodstock, Ontario, as Divisional Young People's Secretary, followed by a similar position at Ottawa. After this he took the very unusual step of surrendering his Ensign's rank in order to get back to Corps work, and was sent to Lindsay. When the District system was inaugurated he was made a Divisional Officer, and for some years rendered valuable service in that capacity.

Difficult But Necessary Task

Later, he was chosen to organize the Subscribers' Department at Montreal, and for many years he devoted his very best efforts to the difficult but necessary task of raising funds for The Army's Work. This threw him into contact with many of the leading people of the country, and he was able to make many warm friends for The Army, while the money he secured made possible the construction of a number of the finest buildings in the Territory.

Following a term on Property affairs he went as Divisional Commander to Saint John, New Brunswick, and when the Toronto Division was divided he was sent to organize the Toronto East Division, and shortly afterwards assumed the Divisional command at Hamilton.

He had only been there a few

months when he was called to Territorial Headquarters and informed that the General had chosen him to become Sub-Territorial Commander for Newfoundland.

He will carry into retirement memories of his last appointment which will be an unfailing source of inspiration to him; memories of Spirit-stirred men and women living the penitence-form again and again, while converts and veterans besieged the Throne of Grace on their behalf; memories of journeys by motor boat and dog sleigh to Outposts, where faithful comrades must be encouraged and careless sinners warned; memories of miraculous conversions and answers to prayer, of Gethsemane conversations and Pentecostal outpourings.

We quote the Colonel's own words in closing his remarks about Newfoundland. "I would like to say through 'The War Cry' how deeply I appreciated the cooperation and help of all associated with me in the work there. Especially would I thank Major and Mrs. Walton, in every possible way their loyalty and support were beyond praise, and I shall never cease to remember and be grateful to them."

This sketch would be singularly incomplete without reference to Mrs. Moore, who for the past twenty-eight years has been the Colonel's unfailing support in every effort he has put forth for the Kingdom. Saved in Barrie under the ministry of Captain Jack Addie, she became a Soldier and an Officer in spite of the opposition of her friends and loved ones. After giving several years of very effective service single handed, she agreed to a proposal to become Mrs. Moore, and since then has right worthily upheld the noble tradition of Army wives and mothers.

TERRITORIAL PARS

It has come to our notice that the Chief Secretary whilst touring Newfoundland, has been giving a helping hand to the comrades at Bracebridge Corps, where he conducted a Sunday's meeting. The Colonel also visited two comrades of the Bracebridge Corps who are both over eighty years of age, and are merely able to attend meetings. "Barby and Jean" were delighted at this impromptu visit.

The largest number of Candidates contributed by any one Division to the Centenary Training Session, is from the Hamilton Division, whose quota numbers nineteen.

Colonel Adhy conducted an officers' meeting and public farewell of the Hamilton Division Candidates, at Hamilton, Wednesday, September 12th.

A clipping from the Peterborough "Examiner" comments on the serious manner in which Salvationists of Peterborough take their religion. Whilst a street dance was in full swing, "says the Examiner, a band of Salvation Army workers holding a service immediately adjacent to the dance, from the dance." It is worthy of note, that it wasn't the dance that attracted all the people. A full open-air, as we happen to know, is a "live" affair, and rarely fails to attract a crowd.

Ensign Holt has been appointed to Halifax Hospital, and Captain Howells to Hamilton Rescue Home.

Field-Major "Ephraim" is conducting a campaign at Peterboro, from September 22nd, to October 1st inclusive.

(Continued from column 1)

likened to voyagers on the sea of life, where, as in the natural sense, there are bright days and stormy, rough seas and smooth. Then there was the analogy of the anchors representing Faith, Good Conscience, Patience and Hope. Instruction, inspiration and emulation were all harmoniously interwoven in the Colonel's faithful narrative.

Concluding this memorable gathering was the Benediction and Covenant, repeated in union by the Life-Savers, led by Adjutant Elbery, and the closing prayer and Benediction by Mrs. Colonel Henry.



FOR MOTHER AND MAID



MAKE THE PUNISHMENT FIT THE CRIME

BY A FATHER, GROWN WISE

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

PROTECT YOUR FINGER WHEN CROCHETING

When crocheting with a fine needle one often pierces one's finger. Two coats of liquid court plaster protects the finger and does not interfere with the work in any way as adhesive plaster does.

CUP HOOKS FOR BRUSH HANDLES

Instead of round-eyed screws put small cup hooks in the ends of the handles of your brushes and dish mops, with which to hang them up when not in use. This makes it easier to put the brushes in place, and when several are hung on the hook it is possible to take one down without removing all the others.

IN THE KITCHEN

FOR LEFT-OVER VEGETABLES

Small quantities of left-over vegetables and potatoes can be converted into an appetizing and nourishing luncheon dish in the following manner: Poach in milk as many eggs as there are persons to be served at lunch. Remove the eggs to slices of toast. Then thicken the milk in the saucepan and make a white sauce of it and put into this sauce whatever vegetables you may have, and pour all over the poached eggs. You can use peas and potatoes, or carrots and potatoes in this way. With either vegetable you have a perfectly balanced meal in one dish—starch, protein, and the green vegetable.

TO DECORATE ICE CREAM

A decoration that is good for slices of brick ice cream. On each slice place a small flat mint chocolate in centre and use five halves of blanched almonds for petals. It is very pretty on light-colored cream.

TO SAVE SPACE IN YOUR PANTRY

Buy a three-tiered wire basket at an office supply store, line it with clean wrapping paper, and in it keep potatoes, onions, and carrots or other vegetables.

HOW TO punish children for their various misdemeanours ought to be a serious problem in every home. Many parents do not give the matter the attention it deserves, simply punishing all children the same way for everything, without considering each particular offence as a separate and individual problem.

We have four children, three boys and one girl. My wife was a school teacher before I married her, a quiet, resourceful woman, where I am quick and inclined to take sudden action. We have always got on splendidly. Our first disagreement came with our first child, and it was a question of punishment for his disobedience.

The boy, then only a little more than two years old, had been told to put away his toys. On this particular evening, he stubbornly refused to do so. After all my entreaties and threats had failed, and my anger was thoroughly aroused, I started toward the boy with the intention of spanking him into submission. My wife, divining my intention, intervened.

"No," she said, "I don't want that method to be used on our children."

Well, I had been brought up under the "spare the rod and spoil the child" regime, and I didn't believe in these new-fangled ideas of bunting up children. The system that was good enough for my father to use on me was good enough for me to use on my children—and so forth and so on. My wife listened patiently. Then she asked if she might try her system first.

She told Bobby to put the toys

away, and was met with the same refusal. So she gathered up the toys herself and stored them away on a high shelf in the closet. The surprised Bobby looked on with a victorious gleam in his eye. Soon afterward he went to bed. Bright and early next morning he wanted his toys, but couldn't reach them himself. He asked to have them taken down for him.

My wife explained to him, calmly and reasonably, that little boys who weren't willing to put their toys away

IF I FALL

If I fall
I hinder all;
If I rise
To the skies,
I shall help to drag the load
One step farther on the road.
On the common road we climb,
Dead and living, for all time.
—Janet Begbie.

when they had finished with them could not take them out to play with. For three days Bobby looked up at these toys on the shelf, and remembered why he couldn't have them down. He never refused to put them away after that.

"Always fit the punishment to the crime, and never argue or fight with a tired, angry child. Wait until calm has been restored, and both you and

the child can see the light of reason." This was the constant advice of my wife.

It was a firm rule in our household that the children should come in from their play at five o'clock. They had duties to perform before the evening meal—errands at the store, the walk to set, and wood to be brought. My invariable loitered, coming in from a half hour to an hour late.

"Johnny, you are late again!" said my wife one day. "Now, listen to me. We have work as well as play. Who ever one person shirks his work, someone else has to do more than his share to make up for the shirker. That isn't fair. Bobby has had to run your errands while you played. When you come home to-morrow you must have to do Bobby's share of the work to even up the score." That was that.

The boys always took turns at washing the dishes after dinner. When it came to Jack's turn, he was all apprehensive, for he broke so many. We allowed a generous margin for accident, and then my wife spoke to him about it.

"Son," she said to him, "you don't break your toys in the same way that you do your mother's dishes. You're simply careless, and other people have to be careful with other people's property. After this, you will have to replace out of your own allowance if dishes you break." Jack's carelessness increased in exact proportion to the number of dishes he had to replace. It wasn't long before he had learned to take time and exercise care in handling not only dishes but other things as well.

THE TRADE DEPARTMENT

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BY MRS. WILLIAM BOOTH

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Practical Religion 90c. plus 8c. postage.

BY THE GENERAL

Books That Bless 90c. plus 8c. postage.
Servants of All 70c. plus 8c. postage.
On the Banks of the River 70c. plus 5c. postage.

BY MRS. BRAMWELL BOOTH

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Friendship with Jesus 75c. plus 8c. postage.

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Circulation Chart

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HALIFAX I	1,100
(Adjutant and Mrs. Bosher)	
Truro	285
(Commandant and Mrs. Hillier)	
Halifax II	276
(Commandant Welle)	
New Glasgow	225
(Adjutant and Mrs. Stevens)	
Yarmouth	200
(Captain and Mrs. Mills)	
Dartmouth	186
(Captain and Mrs. Voiey)	

Hamilton Division

HAMILTON IV	576
(Commandant and Mrs. Johnston)	
Hamilton	650
(Commandant and Mrs. Ellsworth)	
Hamilton III	316
(Field-Major and Mrs. Mercer, Adjutant Mercer)	
Dartford	280
(Field-Major and Mrs. Squarebrigg)	
Oxford	250
(Adjutant and Mrs. Godden)	
Hamilton II	250
(Adjutant Bird, Captain Hart)	
St. Catharines	228
(Field-Major and Mrs. Wiseman)	
Orillia	226
(Adjutant and Mrs. Graves)	
Port Colborne	200
(Captain and Mrs. F. Dixon)	
Kitchener	200
(Adjutant and Mrs. Bexton)	
Bridgeburg	200
(Lieutenants Ford and Smith)	
Niagara Falls I	180
(Adjutant and Mrs. Kimmins)	
Georgetown	170
(Commandant and Mrs. White)	

London Division

ST. THOMAS	325
(Adjutant and Mrs. Robinson)	
Sarnia	270
(Commandant and Mrs. Cavender)	
London I	250
(Commandant and Mrs. Loring)	
Woodstock, Ont.	210
(Adjutant and Mrs. Kitson)	
Stratford	200
(Adjutant and Mrs. Cranwell)	
Owen Sound	180
(Ensign and Mrs. Gage)	

Montreal Division

MONTREAL I	1,075
(Commandant and Mrs. Gillingham)	
Sherbrooke	350
(Ensign and Mrs. Payton)	
Montreal II	300
(Ensign and Mrs. Hart)	
Kingston	280
(Commandant and Mrs. Jordan)	
Montreal IV	225
(Captain and Mrs. Worthington)	
Montreal VI (Verdon)	200
(Ensign and Mrs. Larsson)	
Bellefleur	180
(Ensign and Mrs. Rawlins)	
Cornwall	125
(Adjutant and Mrs. Jones)	

North Bay Division

THIMINS	400
(Ensign and Mrs. Bond, Lieutenant Semple)	
North Bay	230
(Captain and Mrs. Jolly)	
Sudbury	225
(Captain and Mrs. Renshaw, Lieutenant Semple)	
Sault Ste. Marie I	200
(Ensign Waters, Captain Hallam)	
Sault Ste. Marie II	150
(Adjutant and Mrs. Luxton)	
Cochran	150
(Captain Ferguson, Lieutenant W. Harrington)	

Ottawa Division

OTTAWA I	500
(Ensign and Mrs. Fuller)	
Ottawa II	270
(Adjutant and Mrs. Homery)	
Ottawa III	150
(Ensign Page, Captain Miles)	

Saint John Division

MONCTON I	525
(Commandant and Mrs. Spiller)	
Saint John I	325
(Commandant and Mrs. Hargrove)	
Fredericton	265
(Commandant and Mrs. Poole)	
St. Stephen	225
(Ensign and Mrs. Cumming)	
Charlottetown	225
(Adjutant and Mrs. Chapman)	
Saint John II	186
(Ensign Danby, Lieutenant Curry)	
Cambridge	150
(Captain and Mrs. Payton)	
Woodstock, N.B.	150
(Ensign Clarke, Captain F. Ritchie)	
Saint John III	150
(Commandant and Mrs. Woodcut)	

Sydney Division

SYDNEY	250
(Ensign Hecott, Captain Adcock)	
Quebec	235
(Ensign and Mrs. Howlett)	
Whitby Pier	180
(Captain and Mrs. Williams)	

(Continued at top of column 5)

THOSE RETIRING HERALDS

MORE PUBLICITY NEEDED—A SEPTUAGENARIAN HERALD—SOME ENCOURAGING INCREASES—PROMISING SIGNS

STRANGE, how retiring some people are.

"War Cry" heralds for instance. I should hear little or nothing of their doings were it not for the Corps Officer who drops me a line about them or were it not for some chance happening that draws the curtain back and affords me a brief view of their activities.

They seem to be the sort of folk who do good

By Stealth.

I wonder, do some of them creep out of their houses at night under cover of the darkness to sell their "Crys," so that no one shall see their good works and betray them.

Anyway, I seem to hear much too little about their doings. What about a few more heralds' photos this way, and some records of their achievements for the

Encouragement and Stimulation

of others? Now here's a case in point. It was only by the merest chance that I learned of a comrade 78 years of age—not 7 or 8, or 7 and 8; but 78, mark—who sells his batch of "War Cry" regularly every week.

And not half-a-dozen, mark you; nor yet one dozen. Neither two dozen, or three dozen.

Higher Still.

This lively septuagenarian—have I got that right?—sells 60 of our Salvation messengers weekly.

Name? Certainly. Let me shout it from the housetops; yea, let me take an aeroplane and fly to the uttermost parts of the Territory and thunder it forth:

Sergeant-Major Hussey, of Preston, is the noble comrade.

Are there others like this modest comrade, of whom we never hear? Doubtless there are.

I want to hear from some of you.

It will be a mighty inspiration to other comrades who are heralds to hear of you, and also be the means of urging others to become

Heralds.

You know how it is. One great achievement inspires another. A man reaches 5,000 feet in an aeroplane. At once, another air expert tries to better his record.

A runner runs 12 miles in an hour;



Spread the news through every nation:

"For all men there's Liberation."

immediately another comrade of the swift feet seeks to better the record. A swimmer floats on the water for 12 hours; at once another human cork tries to float for a week.

So it is in everything. I am hoping that by publishing this news about our

Septuagenarian Boomer

selling 60 copies weekly, another septuagenarian may be stirred to sell 70.

Or, better still, some whose septuagenarian days are far ahead will be inspired to emulate the example of such intrepid and steadfast comrades as our veteran.

What's this? A note has just been

Gleanings from The Men's Social Department

SUDBURY

Captain and Mrs. Renshaw are doing good work among the prisoners. Last week one man accepted Christ as his Saviour and three others requested prayer.

MONTREAL METROPOLE

Captain Bradley who has been laid aside with illness is now back on the job.

QUEBEC

Ensign and Mrs. Van Roon, during their furlough in Toronto, called at Territorial Headquarters and brought a good report of substantial progress in their work.

TORONTO

Commandant and Mrs. Beecroft, recently appointed to the Industrial Department, have passed through a trying time recently. One of their children has been seriously ill in hospital and at one time it was thought the child could not live. Happily, the latest report is more favorable. Pray for our comrades.

GUELPH

Ensign and Mrs. Dawson report nineteen souls professing Salvation among the prisoners during June and July.

HAMILTON

A worried mother, whose son had left home, heard that he might be in Hamilton. She phoned our Men's Social Officers in Hamilton at 8 a.m., and before 11 o'clock the same day they had located the lad given him

his dinner, and sent him home to his mother who was very grateful for The Army's aid.

BURWASH

Major Thompson, who visited Burwash on Sunday, September 2nd, gives the following impressions of his visit: "On visiting this famous camp one gets a different idea of the place than by reading about it. The activities are very interesting. The fourteen miles of road with the splendid farm lands on either side, which go to make up its 30,000 acres, are really an eye-opener to the newcomer. To accommodate and look after the three hundred to four hundred inmates is a task of no mean order. Huge buildings are used as dormitories, with dining rooms and kitchen all very conveniently connected. The new pottery, built in front of the main building and serving as offices, waiting rooms, etc., makes a very delightful addition to the place. Then across the road is the administration building, laundry, and supply store. A little further up the street is the power plant which gives heat to the surrounding buildings. On the left is the Superintendent's cottage and close by Sergeants Turner and Lambert, and makes a pleasing and beautiful village.

"The inmates are wonderful listeners and appeared to enjoy the services held on Sunday. At No. 5 Camp, Sergeant Kavanagh shows a great interest in our meetings. After the

(Continued on page 18)

OUR ROLL OF HONOR

The Increasers

Sherbrooke	35
(Ensign and Mrs. Payton)	
Saint John I	25
(Commandant and Mrs. Hargrove)	
Kirkland Lake	15
(Captain Haines, Lieut. Downs)	
	75

placed on my table by one of the clerks. Read it with me:

"Saint John I line 25 copies W Cry."

Which, being interpreted, means that Saint John I Corps, which is under the command of Commandant Hargrove, has this week increased its "War Cry" order by 25 copies.

Good News That—

—the sort of medicine the doctor ordered. This rise, remember, comes on top of a similar rise three or four weeks ago. Well done, Commandant and heralds of No. 1. Stick to it and you'll make the Halifax and Montreal giants

Quake in Their Shoes.

Note, will you also, Sherbrooke's splendid increase, and Kirkland Lake's. Congratulations to you all. You are making the Editor and us all very chippy. I assure you.

Enough! I have spoken too much! Let me bid you all to keep a good look out to

C. M. Rising.

(Continued from column 1)

Toronto East Division

RIVERDALE	400
(Adjutant McLeen, Ensign Hayward)	
Yorkville	355
(Commandant and Mrs. Davis, Lieutenant Ward)	
Danforth	275
(Adjutant and Mrs. Martin)	
Oshawa	260
(Field-Major and Mrs. Osbourn, Lieutenant Knapp)	
Peterboro	250
(Ensign and Mrs. Green)	
East Toronto	205
(Commandant and Mrs. Bayne)	
Parliament Street	170
(Ensign Davies, Captain Piche, Lieutenant Murray)	
North Toronto	170
(Ensign Clarke, Lieutenant Bryant)	
Brimley Park	160
(Captain Bobbitt, Lieutenant Matthews)	
Cobourg	155
(Adjutant and Mrs. Pollock)	

Toronto West Division

LIPPINCOTT	300
(Captain and Mrs. Ellis)	
Dovercourt	280
(Adjutant Jones, Captain Feltham, Lieutenant Brokenshire)	
West Toronto	240
(Field-Major and Mrs. Higdon)	
Lisgar Street	180
(Ensign Kettle, Lieutenant Barrett, Lieutenant Wilder)	
Toronto I	170
(Captain and Mrs. Warrander)	
Brock Avenue	155
(Captain and Mrs. Green)	
Swansea	150
(Captain Currie, Lieutenant Beeton)	
F. H. Q.	160
(Adjutant and Mrs. McElnay)	

Windsor Division

WINDSOR I	350
(Commandant and Mrs. Barclay)	
Windsor II	275
(Adjutant and Mrs. Harrison, Lieutenant Nesbitt)	
Windsor III	225
(Ensigns Hickling and Richardson)	
Leamington	180
(Ensign and Mrs. Browne)	
Wallaceburg	150
(Ensign Scott, Captain Hunt)	

Newfoundland Sub-Territory

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Grand Falls	150
(Commandant and Mrs. Marsh)	



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